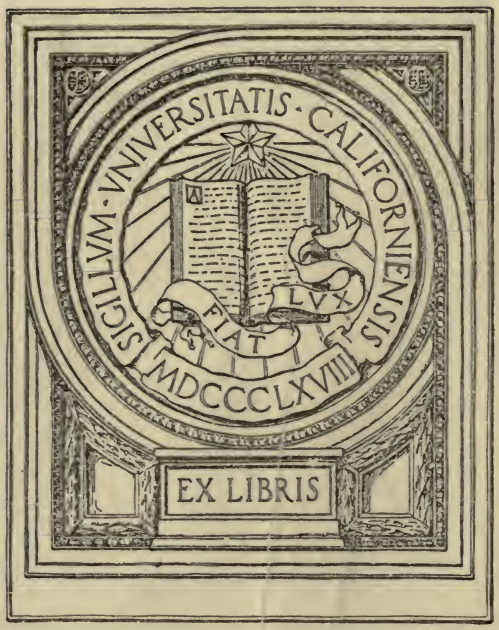
THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MORMONS

C. SHERIDAN JONES



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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MORMONS

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BRIGHAM YOUNG.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MORMONS

SECRETS OF SALT LAKE CITY

BY

C. SHERIDAN JONES

AUTHOR OF

"THE UNSPEAKABLE PRUSSIAN," "THE STORY OF THE HOHENZOLLERN,"
"A SHORT LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON," ETC., ETC.

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FOREWORD

By SIR GILBERT PARKER, Bart.

This is a book which everyone should read who cares for the well-being of the world. From the standpoint of ordinary law and order Utah is well governed; but Mr. Sheridan Jones with good authority shows how the fundamental moral domestic law is secretly and callously violated. Nothing too strong could be said against this gross abuse of the modern attitude towards marriage. Divorce is all too common in the United States and too easily got, but the world over Christianity limits the marriage of a man to one woman only. The people of the great American Republic are essentially Christian and moral in mind, and they have always resented and opposed Mormonism since the day when Joseph Smith foisted his bogus message on the people of the West. Several books have been written by those who know the state of polygamy in Utah, and one during the last five years by the son of a Mormon leader

is a striking testimony of secret polygamy. The present work has great value, though not written by a relative of a Mormon. It would be folly to allow Mormon propaganda to increase in the United Kingdom; the end thereof is fatal to the well-being of our women.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

To combat a superstition successfully one must understand it. That is the justification of this volume. The recent re-discovery of the Mormons has led, as was only natural, to much hard writing. Fervent denunciations, resounding condemnations, these we have had in abundance; but by themselves they are unavailing. If we are to check recruiting by the Mormon missionaries, something more than denunciation is necessary. We must bring home the facts to the man in the street, and I have, therefore, sought in the following pages, not only to trace the rise and progress of the sect—whose history is one of the most astounding our modern world has known—but to show exactly in what it is that the real menace and horror of Mormonism consists, for once that is grasped, the danger is over.

There are other reasons why it would seem worth while to understand Mormonism. It is fifty years since Hepworth Dixon wrote in Salt Lake City that " no beggar is seen in the streets, scarcely ever a tipsy man. . . . No one seems poor."

Competent observers say that something like this holds good to-day. Clearly, therefore, it is impossible to dismiss the Mormons as mere voluptuaries, seeking only a religious sanction for the unbridled gratification of their passions. Their city would have perished with them long ago had this been the case. As a matter of fact, the Mormons can boast of succeeding in an experiment, which to everyone else has spelt failure. Right throughout the last century, from the far-off days of Robert Owen's New Lanark, even to our own Garden City, mankind has been making numberless attempts to found distinct communities, all more or less independent of the prevailing civilization, and intended to show us a more excellent way of life. The only one of these experiments that can claim anything approaching a distinct or enduring success is the Mormon Salt Lake City, which, admittedly, has always been prosperous and efficient. That having achieved success, so far as administration was concerned, its Governors yet failed to make life tolerable to self-respecting men and women is, it seems to me, a lesson of tremendous significance at the present moment, when the Bolshevik Republic of Russia is being held up to us as a model.

For none can doubt that the complete subservience of the individual to the State is the dominant feature of the Mormon system. "Better to die," someone said of Utah, in the old days of unchecked Mormon ascendancy, "than live under

Brigham's frown." Brigham Young is dead, but the elaborate machinery he organized for making "the will of the community prevail," that still remains, with the High Priests, "the Seventies," the visiting teachers and all the other ubiquitous servants of the law. What chance has the young girl immigrant, newly arrived in Utah, friendless and a stranger, what chance has she of holding out against the numberless officials, who control her life at every point? There is something irresistibly pathetic in the struggle of such a girl to resist the ceaseless, daily pressure directed upon her by the Mormon hierarchy. I am aware, of course, that Mormon apologists repudiate polygamy. Without that repudiation, they could never have secured the many thousand converts they boast of winning last year in Great Britain, Denmark, and other countries.

But for reasons set out in this book, it is impossible to treat their repudiations of the doctrine seriously. Mormonism spells polygamy, and polygamy means the enslavement of women.

C. SHERIDAN JONES.

London.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MORMONS

CHAPTER I

THE TRUE STORY OF THE WONDERFUL "BOOK OF MORMON"

JUST as every religion has its Bible, so by an ironic resemblance we find that each of the superstitions that beset the spiritual path of poor humanity have their own "revealed word," their infallible document whose terms shall be binding on their members. They would make a curious library these confessions of the world's faiths—a library running into several hundred volumes! But quite the most astounding, quite the most instructive of them all, is the "Bible" of that strange and sinister sect, to which this volume is devoted—the Book which for more than eighty years has been known as that of the "Prophet Mormon"—one of the most remarkable documents ever penned in the history of religious hysteria.

Who was the Prophet Mormon? Rather, let us see who he was supposed to be. His book is fascinating in its frank appeal to human credulity.

The prophet lived, it states, in America, A.D. 400, and to him was given the task of collecting the records of the aboriginal inhabitants of that land of "hustlers." These, says the Book, came from Israel! They were, in fact, descended from a family of the tribe of Joseph, who shortly before the Babylonian captivity, marched across Arabia, and then contrived to cross the Atlantic. On the other side they settled down and waxed strong. The "Book of Mormon" relates how they separated into two distinct nations—the Lamanites and the Nephites, and it gives a complete record of the life of the people down to the time when Mormon was slain in battle, and his son, Moroni, engraved and bound the history upon golden plates, which he deposited in a cavern in the hillside of Cumori, what time he was fiercely pursued by his enemies. That, in outline, is the "Book of the Prophet Mormon," a work that has been translated into every civilized tongue and whose readers number millions—the most astounding monument of human credulity, surely, that this old world has ever seen!

For there are difficulties in the way of its acceptance that even a child could discern. First, it is not easy to imagine how even a single family "of the tribe of Joseph" could negotiate the Atlantic in a rudely constructed boat. But the Prophet Mormon was equal to that dilemma. For he relates:

"That it came to pass that the brother of Jared

did go to work and also his brethren and built barges. And they were small and they were light upon the water, and they were built after a manner that were exceeding tight, even that they would hold water like unto a dish; and the bottom thereof was tight like unto a dish; and the sides thereof were tight like unto a dish, and the ends thereof were peaked; and the length thereof was the length of a tree and the floor thereof, when it was shut, was tight like unto a dish."

Thus, then, did the swarthy Israelites cross the Atlantic. How came they to turn unto the fiery Redskin? Here again the great Mormon was ready with an answer. They were turned red as a punishment for their wickedness! For it seems that once settled on the "other side" the lost tribes had not been happy or peaceable. Civil war raged for decades. Battle, murder, and sudden death—these are as common in the "Book of Mormon" as they were later to become conspicuous in Salt Lake City!

The Lamanites, for instance, were not nice people. They became dark in colour and "wild and ferocious" and a "bloodthirsty people; full of idolatry and filthiness; feeding upon beasts of prey: dwelling in tents and wandering about in the wilderness, with a short skin girdle about their loins, and their heads shaven; and their skill was in the bow and the cimiter and the axe." On the other hand, the Nephites were comparatively agreeable,

and certainly useful in that they tilled the land and raised flocks. Between the two tribes wars raged, even the Nephites became wicked, and in the course of 320 years the worst of them were destroyed!

The remainder were commanded to go to the wilderness, and they journeyed until they came to the land of Zarahema, which, as is explained in a footnote, is supposed to have been north of the head waters of the River Magdalena, its northern boundary being a few days' journey south of the Isthmus of Darien. . . . New prophets arose to teach the people righteousness, and one of them led a company "to a place called Mormon (after which the Prophet was named), where was a fountain of pure water, and there the people were baptized." But, alas, great battles followed, and the rejuvenated Nephites were finally destroyed in what is now New York State.

It was of this book that the great Mormon President, Brigham Young, declared that:

"Every spirit that confesses . . . that the 'Book of Mormon' is true, is of God and every spirit that does not is of anti-Christ!"

It would be easy, pitiably easy, if it were not supererogatory, to pulverize this claim. How the Prophet Mormon anticipates Shakespeare (by quoting him), represents the compass as being in use some centuries before it was known; speaks of the most "precious steel," before the commonest

had been dreamt of; introduces "the cow and the ox and the ass and the horse" as indigenous to America, which they were not—all these could be proved from the text. But *cui bono?* The main narrative of the book is surely sufficiently incredible for the most exigeant critic, and the marvel is that such a story came to be credited in the most sceptical century the world has ever known.

We shall see presently how it was that such a frenzied farrago of nonsense came to be believed. First, let us see how it got itself written.

In the early part of the last century, America had been strangely excited by some remarkable antiquarian discoveries. It is not usual for the people to be stirred by such discoveries, which are too abstruse, as a rule, to interest any but the student and the *savant.* But these discoveries were in their way really remarkable, and they arrested popular attention. For they pointed irresistibly to bygone days when America had been the scene of a great, extinct civilization. Strange skeletons were found; jars of beautiful earthenware were discovered; terra-cotta vases exquisitely carved, with sheets of brass covered by strange hieroglyphics—all these rewarded the research of the pioneer and fanned the enthusiasm of those who sought to penetrate the mystery of the lost civilization. The finding of hidden sepulchres with strange relics continued month after month, year after year, and excitement rose with each

discovery. The passion for discovery seized on "the man in the street" and caught up, among others, a young invalid minister, one Solomon Spaulding, who, in the year of Grace, 1809, settled in Salem, in the county of Ashtabula—a strange, wayward invalid, suffering from phthisis—a devout, imaginative, withal unbalanced man. He threw himself into the search with zeal. He discovered and interpreted strange writings on strange stones. He became obsessed with the idea of finding out whence came the romantic Redskin, whose dignity and courage made him for so long a man of mystery. But Spaulding was a dreamer rather than a worker. He gave up research for writing. He conceived the idea of penning a religious novel or history round his favourite theme. For three years he laboured at the task, working hard at the strange narrative we have described. Not without literary attainments, and saturated in Biblical phraseology, he wrote naturally in that style, giving his story a semi-religious basis. Little did he think as he traced its fantastic course that it would influence the lives of thousands, who would come to regard it as the last word Providence had vouchsafed to man, or that his imaginary Prophet Mormon would one day be hailed as another Isaiah! Spaulding, in fact, thought little of the work that was his pastime—the relaxation of a fretted, tired spirit, round which he wound the fancies of a disordered imagination. Of an evening

he would read the book aloud to his friends, and finally, under the title of "The Manuscript Found," he placed it in the hands of one Mr. Patterson, a printer, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, who came near at one time to publishing it. But Patterson changed his mind, and Spaulding moved to another part of the country intent on other pursuits—to die before his work saw the light! And for fifteen years the "Book of the Prophet Mormon" lay forgotten in a printer's drawer. And then quite suddenly came into the hands of a Man—a Man who made it famous—and within an incredibly short space of time it had been sold throughout the States, had been translated into French, German, and Italian, and had been accepted as the inspired word by thousands in the Old World and the New!

CHAPTER II

JOE SMITH: "MONEY-DIGGER," "PROPHET," AND ——?

THE passion to discover some trace of the lost civilization was by no means the only enthusiasm which, in those far-off days, before the organization of industry had well begun, stirred the pulse of the "keen" Yankees—always the most impressionable, as they are the most energetic, of mankind. Curious legends haunted the peace and roused the cupidity of settlers in the Sea Board States. There were strange stories abroad—stories of buried treasure, buried by the Buccaneers for safety, and it was supposed never reclaimed by them. Large sums of money, it was asserted, had been hidden by the inhabitants during the War of Independence, and there were weird tales of gold guarded by the phantoms of men who had been murdered trying to protect their money and whose ghosts still sought to continue the trust. Such stories were the gossip of the country-side, and so strong a hold did they get on the imagination of the people that there grew up among the wild, unsettled population a new trade—that of "Money-Diggers."

Men passed from village to village, and from town to town, staying nowhere long, digging wherever local tradition bade them hope, rarely achieving success, but following the pursuit with the unquenchable fire that always marks gamblers and that sometimes carries them through to victory. They were nomads, these "Money-Diggers," and their children grew up wild, untaught, untrained, and unfriended, strangers to the comforts and to the decencies of life, but inured to hardship, and with that fortitude of character bred in "the school of hope deferred," of incessant effort and wide experience.

Into such a family was born, on December 5th, 1805, one Joseph Smith, the "Mahomet of America," as he has been called, the man who made poor Spaulding's MS. famous, and who, for good or evil, created Mormonism; a man whose career is one of the most astounding episodes in the history of the modern world, and whose personality, blackened and deformed as it is, still stands out as that of a Leader of Men!

Joe Smith, the child of the "Money-Digger," grew up a wild, romantic youth, "who could read without much difficulty and write a very imperfect hand," with many "warm friends" (some of whom never left him), but with no settled occupation—a restless, wayward, not unlovable youth, who at twenty-five wore "torn and patched trousers, with a calico shirt as black as the hearth, and had

uncombed hair sticking through the holes in his old battered hat." His family were popularly regarded as an "illiterate, whiskey-drinking, shiftless race of people"—and Joe "as the most ragged and lazy!"

Yet, within a few months, he was to set the heather ablaze and to become one of the most notable men in the United States. How was the transformation effected?

The turning-point in Smith's career was an episode, trifling in itself, but far-reaching in its consequences, an episode that changed life for the young "Money-Digger."

Learning from a strolling Indian of a place where treasure was said to be buried, Smith had gone out to dig for it. On the way he met another party of diggers, intent on the same object, and a dispute arose as to the *locus* of the treasure. Now Smith's father had claimed to be a "diviner," that is, to possess a faculty, which, so it is alleged, enables its owner to discover lost objects, or metals, or water that lie beneath the earth, and young Joe claimed now—perhaps not for the first time—to have inherited the power. He boldly located the treasure, and challenged his rival to test his belief as to where it lay. By a coincidence, one of the most fruitful in his life, it turned out that he was right. The treasure, a few gold coins, were found at the spot he indicated. News of the event spread like wild-fire through the district and Joe Smith became a force!

From that moment the "ragged, ill-clad" young man was a person to be reckoned with, and everywhere his services were in request. Fortified with a mystic stone—described as green with brown spots about the size of a goose's egg—Smith undertook for pay to disclose the location of stolen property and of buried treasure. He would point out the precise spot beneath which lay kegs, barrels, and hogsheads of gold. Joe did well on his "peek stone"! He not only secured small sums on the promise of recovering lost articles, but he raised money to enable him to dig for larger treasure. And, if his failures were many and his successes few, still his reputation grew and he prospered. So great was the belief in his powers that there are stories still current of his ability to perform miracles, and he used to be requisitioned by worried farmers to pray the frost off their cornfields!

Certain weird ceremonies were invariably connected with the money-digging operations. Midnight and a full moon were held to be essential, and Good Friday the best date. Joe Smith would direct operations with a wand, sternly enjoining silence, and the simple neighbours would stand around with chattering teeth, afraid to utter a word lest it should break the spell!

We have said that this incident of the gold "divining" was the turning-point in Smith's career, and there is no doubt that it left deep and permanent traces in his character. He learnt what

it was to have authority over his fellow-creatures. For the first time in his life the village vagabond tasted power! And from that time onward the love of it became the master passion of his life!

And in one other respect was the "peek stone" the turning-point in Smith's career. It brought him that best of educational experiences—material prosperity. Joe "shaped well" under the change, and the higher nature of the man, long stifled and ignored, began to assert itself. His old habit of life was laid aside with the dirty calico shirt. He went less to the ale-house. More and more he was drawn towards religion. He became keenly alive to his own spiritual needs and, though he did not abandon his fraudulent method of gaining a livelihood, there is no doubt that he became violently dissatisfied with it. The old restlessness returned. He was at a crisis in his life and then, as frequently happens to a man thus circumstanced, he fell in love!

While the Smiths were conducting their operations in Pennsylvania, they had boarded for a time in the family of Isaac Hall, a distinguished hunter, and a zealous member of the Methodist Church, a man of excellent moral character and of undoubted veracity. Mr. Hall had three daughters, and Joe received enough encouragement in his addresses to Emma to induce him to ask her father's consent. It was refused and—the young couple eloped, being married in 1827 by a Justice of the Peace.

There is no doubt that Joe Smith's marriage was one of the wisest events in his stormy, tempestuous life. Emma Smith had an extraordinary power over Joseph, and had she been his only influence his great gifts might never have been put to the base uses of after years. She was to him what Cadizah was to Mohammed, who, it will be remembered, when Ayesha, a youthful beauty of his harem, suggested that Allah had given the Arabian Prophet a better wife, instead of Cadizah, replied: "Never could God give me a better! When I was poor she enriched me; when I was pronounced a liar she believed me; when I was opposed by all the world she remained true to me." Till polygamy came into Mormonism that could have been said of Emma Smith. Throughout her life, storm-tossed and careworn, she was her husband's wisest friend. Everything in his activities that was of good may be traced to her pure influence; nearly all of evil that Joe Smith accomplished was done in her despite. And yet by a strange irony this woman was the indirect cause which led Smith to found the Mormon Church.

Emma Smith worked incessantly upon Joseph to do two things. To give up the "peek stone" method of earning a livelihood and definitely to accept religion. So far as the latter object was concerned, she proved successful. There is no doubt that she awoke in Smith a genuine "conviction of sin." Following his courtship and

marriage there came a real change for the better in his life. He was no longer a byword and a reproach to his neighbours, and he spoke upon religious matters constantly and with evident sincerity and effect. But when it came to his abandoning the "peek stone," to surrendering all his claims to supernormal power, he hesitated. There ensued a struggle in the soul of the man. On the one hand he was drawn towards the higher light. On the other he shrank from the poverty, the hardship and possible disgrace that the renunciation would entail.

It was at this supreme moment in his life that the "Book of Mormon" was placed in his hands!

Among the men who had been temporarily employed at the printing office in Pittsburg—where lay poor Spaulding's "Manuscript Found" for so many years—was a certain Sidney Rigdon, an ex-Baptist preacher, of some learning and eloquence, who had joined not one, but several denominations, and quarrelled with all. There is clear evidence that he had read Spaulding's work, for he enlarged upon its merits to sundry of his acquaintances. And when in the fulness of time, Mr. Patterson passed away, Rigdon contrived to capture the manuscript itself. Possibilities that the ordinary man would not have dreamt of occurred to his subtle and tortuous mind. By this time Smith's fame as a "Money-Digger" and as a miracle-worker had spread far and wide,

and in the summer of 1827 a "mysterious stranger" appeared at Smith's residence, and held long interviews with the far-famed diviner. Those interviews were destined to be fruitful. For Smith saw instantly the value that the Spaulding MS.,* cleverly doctored by Rigdon, would have upon the ardent, credulous souls over whom he had obtained such a sway!

Instinctively he felt that if put forward as a work of imagination, the "Book of Mormon" would fall flat. But that, if given the appearance of Divine authority, it could be used as a most powerful lever for his own aggrandisement! Here was an opportunity of continuing an active religious

* There is an abundance of evidence (1) that Spaulding wrote the "Book of Mormon," and (2) that Rigdon conveyed it to Smith.

We need only quote in support of (1) John, the brother of Solomon Spaulding, who says: "Solomon Spaulding (my brother) was born at Ashford, in 1761, and in early life contracted a taste for literary pursuits. . . . He told me he had been writing a book which he intended to have printed, the avails of which he thought would enable him to pay all his debts. The book was entitled 'The Manuscript Found,' of which he read me many pages. . . . I have recently read the 'Book of Mormon' and to my great surprise I find nearly the same historical matter, names, etc., as there were in my brother's writings. I well remember that he wrote in the old style and commenced about every sentence 'And it came to pass,' or 'Now it came to pass,' the same as in the 'Book of Mormon.'"

(2) The Rev. John Winter was shown Spaulding's MS. by Rigdon long before the "Book of Mormon" electrified America, and Dr. Winter's daughter writes: "I have frequently heard my father speak of Rigdon having Spaulding's MS., and that he got it from the printers to read it as a curiosity; as such he showed it to father at that time."

propaganda while at the same time retaining a prominent and favourable position. The question arose, how was he to achieve this? He adopted an expedient which in later years he found strikingly successful. He had a vision!

Late one night, he said, a messenger had appeared to him, "his robe exceedingly white and his whole person glorious."

The messenger's name was Nephi,* and "he told me that God had a work for me to do and that my name should be heard for good and evil among all nations, kindreds, and tongues. He said that there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent and the source from which they sprang. He also said that the fulness of the everlasting Gospel was contained in it. Also that there were two stones set in silver bows" (and these stones, be it noted, fastened to a breastplate, constituted what is called Urim and Thummim), "and that the possession and use of these stones was what made men seers in ancient or former times and that God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book."

For the book, so it was alleged, was written in an ancient tongue so that the Urim and Thummim

* The name of this "visitor" was a mistake, for according to Mormon theology it was Moroni who hid the gold plates, and he should have revealed their locality. But Smith was not the man to stick at a trifle like this.

JOSEPH SMITH.

were really essential to reveal the meaning to Smith, and it was not perhaps surprising, therefore, that the messenger continued that when "I had got those plates of which he had spoken, I should not show them to any person, neither the breastplate with the Urim and Thummim. If I did I should be destroyed. While he was conversing with me about the plates, the vision was opened to my mind that I should see the place where they were deposited and that so clearly and distinctly that I knew it again when I visited it."

Twice more during the night did the ubiquitous messenger appear in the same manner and recited the same things, and the next morning, once again, the messenger reappeared, this time giving clear directions as to the *locus in quo.*

"Convenient to the village of Manchester, Ontario County, New York, stands a hill, the most elevated in the neighbourhood. On the west side of this hill, not far from the top, under a stone of considerable size, lay the plates deposited in a stone box. . . . Having removed the earth and obtained a lever, I looked in and there indeed did I behold the plates, the Urim and Thummim, and breastplate as stated by the messenger."

Such was the story that Joe Smith gave out to the world. At first it was disregarded. Then, little by little, it began to excite curiosity. What was on the plates and what were they like? What did the book they bound contain? Could anyone

see them and when would they be revealed to all?

Smith's reply was masterly. Only the elect were to see the plates. To others their inspection would certainly cause death. As to the meaning of the signs engraved on them and on the sheets they compassed—he was engaged on the task of translating the contents along with Urim and Thummim. He himself was but an illiterate man and could write but poorly. So he had selected Martin Harris to take down at his dictation his interpretation of the documents, and in due time it would be published to the world.

The selection of Harris for the post of scribe was a master-stroke. Harris was a well-to-do farmer, a religious enthusiast who had been a Baptist, an Universalist, and a Presbyterian. But he was a man of unblemished character if unbalanced mind, and his association with Smith encouraged hundreds to think that there might be something in it. Night after night Smith sat behind a curtain in the garret of the farmhouse, and, thus concealed from view, put on the magic spectacles (*i.e.*, the Urim and Thummim) or rather looking through one of them, deciphered the characters in the book, scrawled them down, and handed copies to those waiting on the outside. Day by day the gossip grew and conjecture multiplied as to what the plates contained. Innumerable attempts were made to see the plates.

They failed. And as a thing that is hidden is sought because it is hidden, so the gold plates and their wonderful inscription bulked large in the imagination of the country-side.

Harris's association with Smith brought the latter one other advantage—money. Harris, in fact, "invested" in the volume and by an agreement with Joe was to have the sole profits of the sale until many thousand copies had been disposed of. He was also to see the "gold plates," but, alas, he never got the promised glimpse. He did not behave himself properly and Joseph reprimanded and quarrelled with him. He was succeeded as a scribe by Cowdery, and Cowdery by Smith's wife, and at last there was published at Palmyra, "The Book of Mormon, an account written by the hand of Mormon, upon plates taken from the plates of Nephi. By Joseph Smith, Junior, Author and Proprietor," and within a few weeks, on the first of June, 1830, took place the first conference of the Mormon Church.

It was marked by a notable occurrence. The number of believers, including the family of Smith, was thirty. But the people attended in thousands, and when Joseph ordered the construction of a dam across a stream of water for the purpose of baptizing his disciples, a mob collected, broke it down, and, turning on Smith, threatened him with assassination, accusing him of robbery, and swindling, and immorality. Then it was that Smith

gave proof for the first time of qualities that were to carry him far. Facing the mob with undaunted front he made them hear him against their will. With a rare tact, as well as courage, he broke the keen edge of detraction by confessing boldly that he had once led an improper and immoral life. "But that," he said, "was before I was converted!" True, he went on, he was unlettered. So were some of the disciples. Even as he spoke the attitude of the people changed. The men who had been rushing on the little band of Mormons but a minute before, paused, listened, cheered, and then, at Smith's command, joined in the prayer he led. From that moment Smith's hold on the people was established, and his Church, albeit hatched in fraud and corruption, yet spread like fire through stubble.

CHAPTER III

ZION IN THE MAKING

THE propagation of a New Religion is not as a rule exciting. Rather is it a tedious, slow, painful process. For mankind does not respond quickly to new ideas even on the spiritual plane, and some of our brightest spirits have worn themselves out in a vain endeavour to break through the Pomps and Vanities of the world and to reach the Heart of Man. One can well imagine a passionate disciple of a new faith longing for opposition to vary the dead monotony of that stolid unconcern with which men hear his message, and preferring even persecution to indifference. Perhaps one of the most remarkable facts about the Mormons is that, from the first moment of their inauguration, indifference was never meted out to them. Persecution they had, and in abundance, and they inspired wholehearted, deliriously fanatical support. But the disregard that has broken the heart of innumerable reformers—that, at any rate, was never their portion. The tiny and discredited sect, numbering only thirty at their first conference at Fayette, spread with extraordinary rapidity. During all

the autumn and early winter of the year, crowds went to Kirkland to learn about the new religion. On Sundays the roads would be thronged with people, some in whatever vehicles they owned, some on horseback, and some on foot, all pressing eagerly forward to hear the expounders of the new gospel, and to learn the particulars of the new Bible. Such was the eagerness of the people to attend, that entire neighbourhoods were forsaken, and the roads were thronged by men, women, and children marching to Kirkland, where the Church had been established.

Rapid was the growth of the Church in Ohio. Within two or three weeks of the arrival of four pioneer missionaries, sent out by Smith, no less than 127 persons had been baptized. A few months later the number had increased to over one thousand. And it was not the ignorant alone who thus accepted the new faith. Men of culture, trained in theology, sought admission. Shrewd men of business sold their property and gave it to the Church. Every place the Mormon missionaries touched, the people were persuaded, and branches sprang up in towns and hamlets. True, the Mormons met with opposition. Their elders were often violently and cruelly persecuted. But this only throws into stronger relief the extraordinary success which enabled them to win thousands who never before had responded to religion at all.

What was the cause of this unprecedented triumph? First, we must consider the conditions. At the time when Smith announced his discovery of the golden plates, organized religious effort was almost unknown throughout large portions of America. Impromptu camp meetings with wild emotional excitement were common occurrences. There were thousands upon thousands to whom religion was but a name, and who heard for the first time of the Fall of Man and of the plan for his Redemption from the lips of peripatetic preachers, earnest men, but often ignorant, and without any theological training, and the result was that a perfect plethora of sects such as Seventh Day Baptists, Free Will Baptists, Hard Shell Baptists, Soft Shell Baptists, Glory Alleluia Baptists, Restorationists, Universalists, Perfectionists, Come-Outers, Live-Forevers, Shakers, etc.—all these rose to illustrate "the dissonance of dissent," and many who accepted the "Book of Mormon" did so because it seemed the first authoritative offer ever made to them of a real, a vitalizing Religion. We can realize how much this accounts for early Mormon success when we remember that whole chapters from the Bible were added to the new book, and perused for the first time by the men to whom Smith and his disciples appealed.

But there was another cause for the remarkable success of the Mormon faith—the personality of the man who had together with Rigdon practically

invented it. Immoral and illiterate, Smith yet had that indescribable quality—personal magnetism. He spoke—and men who hesitated obeyed. The very limitations of the man stamp him as possessing the quality of leadership in an enormously high degree. In all his speeches and exhortations there is nothing one cares to recall. And yet he had the gift of inspiring others with a confidence that was little short of astounding, and of making them work with desperate energy. Within a few months after the conference at Fayette, he had dispatched missionaries all over the United States, missionaries whose faith moved all who met them. A little later he ordered first Liverpool and London, then Denmark to be attacked. Nothing was too vast for the man to undertake, and his hold on his followers grew daily.

But there were far deeper reasons for the Mormon success than Smith's personal qualities. Quite early in the history of the Church, the leaders stumbled on an idea which appeals irresistibly to-day, as it did eighty years ago, to all sorts and conditions of men. They conceived the notion of a gathering of the elect "into one place," to prepare for the day of desolation—*i.e.*, the end of the world. Four pioneers were commanded to start "into the wilderness among the Lamanites"—that is among our old friends, the Red Indians, primarily with a view to selecting the site for the coming City of Zion. A little later a "revelation"

described the land chosen—Missouri—"as one flowing with milk and honey upon which there shall be no curse when the Lord cometh." This land the Mormons and their children were to possess, both while "the earth shall stand and again in eternity," and the faithful were called upon to assemble and visit the Western countries where they were promised an inheritance to be called "the New Jerusalem, a land of peace, a city of refuge, a place of safety for the Saints."

Smith in his time had many "revelations." They increased from sixteen in 1829 to thirty-five in 1831. Generally they took place whenever he wanted anything done, and for that reason perhaps they were always treated with respect.*

Never had he a more successful one than this in which he commanded the faithful to build a city of their own on lines that should make it at once the admiration and the despair of the "Gentile world." The suggestion roused the interest not only of Mormons and their friends, but of men and women in all quarters of the globe. There was something stimulating, something magical almost, in this notion of establishing, *ad hoc*, as it were, a new civilization, of building up a city *de novo*, of escaping once and for all from the petty trials of a

* Elder Pratt thus describes Smith's method of announcing "revelations." "Each sentence was uttered slowly and distinctly with a pause between each word sufficiently long for it to be recorded by any ordinary writer." The excitement among the attendant elders can be imagined.

mean and squalid environment, and helping to plan a town where poor streets and a low level of life would be unknown, and where all would have their place in an exalted community. Fired by this vision the pioneers set out in June, on a journey from which most men would have shrunk appalled, travelling sometimes on foot, sometimes in waggons or canal boats as far as Cincinnati. From thence they went by steamer to St. Louis. From St. Louis they marched three hundred miles to Independence, to find a brick court house, two or three stores, and fifteen or twenty log huts. They arrived foot-sore, and weary unto death, but delighted with the "beautiful shrubbery, the prairies that were decorated with a growth of flowers that seemed as gorgeous and grand as the brilliance of the stars in heaven," and quite alive to the possibilities of the buffalo, elk, deer, beavers, with turkeys, geese, swans, ducks—"yea, a variety of the feathered race which are among the rich abundance that graces the delightful regions of the goodly land of the heritage of the Church of God."

The longer Smith stayed in Missouri the more delighted with it he became, and that there might be no difference of opinion in the Church he had a direct "revelation" upon the subject, establishing it as the future Zion, "with Independence as its centre, and the site of the Temple a lot near the Court house," and setting forth his views relative to the organization of the Church, the building of

the Temple, the allotment of lands, and the means of living for the people. Sidney Gilbert was ordered to plant himself there "that he might sell goods without fraud," and so obtain money for the purchase of land. Another Mormon was directed to establish a newspaper without delay. Later, Smith followed this up by another "revelation" to the effect that an agent should be appointed to receive moneys, and that Martin Harris—whom we may suppose to have been a little backward of late—"should be an example to the Church in laying his moneys before the Bishops. I ask that lands should be purchased for the place of a store-house, and also for the house of the printing." Then, having addressed some more Indians, and "a respectable number of negroes," he proceeded back to his expectant followers at Kirkland, which was to be the "stake" or support of Zion.

Marvellous stories were at once circulated of the grandeur that was to characterize the new city, and of the wealth that would be gathered there by the faithful, who would survive the speedy destruction of the wicked. When it was announced that Smith had laid the corner-stone of the Temple, enthusiasm rose to fever-heat among the Mormons, and at once a stream of immigrants arrived at Independence. The Elders had been pushing their work throughout the States and Canada, and the idea of a land of plenty appealed powerfully to the new believers. The Saints at Coalsville, New

York, marched in a body to Independence, and everywhere the cry was of the coming Zion!

But, while the prospects of the proposed settlement at Independence were hailed with delight by Mormons and their sympathizers, the people of Jackson County itself looked on the invasion with a feeling of alarm, tinged with horror. They saw their country filling with immigrants, principally poor, and they realized that if left unchecked the new Church would very speedily achieve a majority and rule the roost. They read Smith's "revelations" which boldly stated that "The land would belong to the Chosen," and not being certain, perhaps, of their own election, they were by no means reassured. "Two years ago," they said, "half a dozen of these people came to Missouri. Now they number twelve hundred, and they boast that all the Gentiles, that is, all the unbelievers in Joe Smith, are to be cut off in good time."

Small wonder that Mormon Elders had their windows broken. A little later their haystacks were burnt, and the rage against them grew to such a pitch that soon revolver shots were heard in the streets, and as the beginning of strife is like the letting out of water, easier to commence than to stop, so the rumour that the Mormons were arming for protection, and had arranged a system of night patrols, exacerbated their enemies.

But it was not revolver or rifle shots that caused the final conflagration. This was excited by a

leading article. The *Star*, the Mormon journal, published one night an appeal addressed to the "Free People of Colour," and the whole fury of the pro-slavery party was at once roused against the sect. The anti-Mormon press—agreeably described as "a black rod in the hands of Satan"—retaliated with a bitter attack on "False Prophets." In Eatanswill this sort of journalism was amusing. In America it was then dangerous. The *Star* printing office was burnt, the types and machinery smashed. Riots followed, and some of the Mormons withdrew, but others appealed to Mr. Dunklin, the Governor of the State of Missouri, who recommended them to sit tight and to set the law in motion. They brought actions against the ringleaders of the mob, and when fired on in the street, fired back, till at last, on the 30th of October, a pitched battle took place between thirty of the Saints armed with rifles and the mob. The Militia was called out, but the Militia was anti-Mormon to a man, and the unhappy Saints had no resource but in flight. Some were shot. Two hundred had their houses burnt. Men, women, and children fled terrified. Some had the good fortune to escape with their families, their household goods and provisions. Others knew not the fate of their friends. Husbands were inquiring for wives, wives for husbands, parents for children, children for parents. Those who fled took refuge in Clay County, which received them with some

degree of kindness. Others who went to Van Buren, or Lafayette, were again driven off and compelled to flee.

Thus in misery and disaster ended the first attempt of the Mormons to build their City of Zion.

CHAPTER IV

THE MARCH OF THE ARMY OF THE LORD

One of the ironies in the strange history of Mormonism is that not only did the Saints recover quickly from what seemed at first a mortal wound, but, as now seems probable, the expulsion from Jackson County saved the Church from disruption. Certainly it won the Saints an amount of sympathy that nothing else could have extorted, and when the Attorney-General of the State of Missouri offered troops to reinstate the evicted Mormons, public opinion approved. The effect of the expulsion on the brethren themselves was to stimulate them to an extraordinary degree. For some time past even Smith's iron hand had been strained to preserve order, for bickerings and apostasy had rent his sect. One "brother" had challenged his "monarchical power and authority," and the Prophet replied that this showed "a true niggardly spirit manifested in all its meanness." Other dissentients were extruded altogether from the Church, and even Rigdon was rebuked in that "he exalteth himself in his own heart and receiveth not counsel but grieveth the spirit."

To this length had the disruption got when the expulsion from Jackson County reunited Smith's followers, and when, in February, 1834, he gave out a lengthy "revelation" announcing his intention of raising "an Army of the Lord for the strength of his house and to go against his enemies," he had a united backing from the brethren and was made "Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of Israel."

These, in fact, were the heroic days of Mormonism. Smith's Army of the Lord travelled on foot. Behind them were several waggons with baggage and provisions for the destitute souls in Clay County to whose relief they were marching. They were well provided with firearms and were joined in two days by fifty more Saints equally well equipped.

Joseph divided his band into companies of twelve, consisting of two cooks, two firemen, two tent workers, two watermen, one scout, one commissary, and two waggoners. Every night "at the sound of the trumpet they bowed down before the Lord in their several tents, and at the sound of the morning trumpet every man was again on his feet before the Lord."

All day long the march continued. At night the Mormon Elders lay down armed ready for the attack should it come, and to answer shot for shot. Thus they went forward. Wild rumours of their resources and strength preceded them, and added

to the alarm of the country-side, but when Jackson County—the stronghold of their enemies—was reached, it seemed as if fate would prove too much for them. For their ancient enemies quickly rallied and set out to cross the Missouri after dusk, their leader, Campbell, swearing that he would "fix Joe Smith." But the "Angel of the Lord"—or an accident—upset the boat, and Campbell was drowned. And the relief force passed on unharmed.

Unharmed by man, that is, but attacked by a deadlier visitor. Cholera broke out in their camp with terrible fierceness. So sudden and overpowering was the attack that the strongest men fell to the ground with their guns in their hands. Joseph went round laying on hands and rebuking the destroyer, until he was himself prostrated. Thirteen of the men perished in a day, and the prospect of the army reaching its goal seemed desperate. Some of the Mormons were for turning back, but Smith was a man not easily daunted. He had come to bring relief to their brethren and nothing should stop him. "The cholera," he declared, "was a punishment from God for bickerings in camp." With wonderful resource he rallied his followers and at last the relief waggons were taken to the poor fugitives from Jackson County who had settled in Clay County, and to whom the arrival of Smith was almost miraculous.

This march of Smith's army is typical of Mormonism for the next five years. It passed through

an armed and hostile country, ravaged by disease, but led by a man whose faith remained unshaken, who, with all his faults, had indomitable courage and unshaken confidence!

For everywhere the Mormons went they "roused the vengeance blood alone can quell." Their little settlement at Dewitt was surrounded and the Mormons there prepared for defence and sent a piteous appeal to Smith, then at "Far West." Smith and Rigdon marched with one hundred men to the relief, and two Companies of Militia under General Parks were hurried to the spot. The General found the place besieged by three hundred Missourians with a fieldpiece and defended by two hundred Mormons under Hinckle, "who says he will die before he is driven out!" But at last, on receiving "compensation for improvements," and a safe conduct, Hinckle agreed to proceed with his band to Far West, and fifty waggons conveyed him to where, in Dawess and Caldwell Counties, his co-religionists were settled—to find that he had exchanged the frying-pan for the fire! For in Far West Civil War was smouldering.

Rigdon had preached his famous "Salt Sermon" from the text (Matt. v. 13): "If the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and trodden under the foot of men." The "salt" referred to was, in the first instance, the backsliders in the Church (whose bowels, he agreeably sug-

gested, should be trodden out, just as the Apostles "threw down Judas Iscariot and trampled out his bowels"), and secondly those among the Missourians hostile to the faith.

"That mob that comes in to disturb us, it shall be between us and them a war of extermination," he continued. "We will follow them till the last drop of their blood is spilled, or else they will have to exterminate us; for we will carry the seat of war to their own houses, and their own families, and one party or the other shall be utterly destroyed. Remember it then, all men."

The effect of this sermon (unauthorized and uninspired by the Mormon leaders and bitterly regretted by them) was to inflame opinion against the sect. Disputes between the chosen and the Gentiles led to blows and the blows to riots. Then bloodshed commenced. Passion rose high. Parties rode over the country paying no respect to property, anxious for a brush with the enemy. Houses were burnt, not only in the country, but in the towns. Mormons were seized, whipped, and their homes razed to the ground. They retaliated in kind and organized the famous Danite band for defence against the Missourians. "Dan," it is written in Genesis xlix., "shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels, so that his rider shall fall backward," and of the strange and sinister band who took this text as their motto we shall hear much later. At the

moment they were fighting in the open, and desperately for dear life, for Civil War, bloody and relentless, had broken out!

The Mormons were attacked by a party from the other side led by Captain Bogart. Bogart was defeated and killed, and at once the news of the fight spread like wild-fire and with the grossest exaggeration. The Militia were arrayed against the Mormons, and were joined by hundreds of others, and fighting, fierce and determined followed, fighting and worse, for, at Hauns Mill, there occurred a massacre of non-combatant Mormon women and children that is one of the foulest episodes in the history of the great Republic.

In fact the cry had gone up "Exterminate the Mormons," and the Governor's orders were to admit only of one alternative—the surrender of their leaders and the withdrawal of the rank and file from the State. Six thousand troops were now upon the scene or on the point of arriving. The Mormons had in their ears the screams of the women and children killed at Hauns Mill. It is small wonder that they agreed to the terms. They were to lose everything but their lives. Once again they were to trek into the wilderness—and this time without the leader who had led them twice within sight of Zion!

What of the Prophet himself? He was marched through the jeering lines of the Militia, amid yells and general rejoicings. But he did not falter.

Liar and cheat he was, but not a coward, and when the drumhead court-martial sentenced him to death, he heard the pronouncement unmoved. All his plans had failed: his Zion was going down in blood and smoke. His enemies were exultant, his followers defenceless, but nothing could wring from him a groan or betray him into any expression of embarrassment. Whatever he felt, he held himself erect and dignified.

Outside, the Militia freed from all restraint, found vent for their long cherished animosity against the sect they hated, and the Mormons, now unarmed and helpless, could do nothing but submit. Hopeless indeed seemed the outlook when the news spread that General Doniphan had vetoed the decision of the court-martial to shoot Smith, and had instead committed him for trial on charges of "treason, larceny, theft and stealing." The trial never occurred. Smith remained in prison for some months and had several "revelations." Also he tried to escape, "but unfortunately for us our augur handles gave out, which hindered us longer than we expected," and the plan was discovered. Then he asked for a change of venue to Marion County, as, he said, the same men who sat on the Grand Jury during the day acted as his guard at night. He was granted a change of venue to Boone County and, while being conveyed thither, the Sheriff, so it is alleged, gave him permission to escape.

So he fled from the soil of the New Jerusalem, and Jackson County, with all the marvels and magnificence that had been decreed for her, was hereafter only to be sung in song. But before the Saints departed utterly from the State there took place a curious incident that stamps itself on the nerve of history. In his " revelation " of April 8th, 1838, Smith announced the 4th of July as the day for the blessing of the Temple, adding that in one year from that date they should recommence laying its foundations. The anniversary found the Missouri Zion deserted, its occupants fugitives, its leaders in prison. But the command of the Lord must be obeyed! A conference was held and twelve apostles of the Church journeyed secretly to Far West. It was midnight when they arrived, and when they met on the selected site of the Temple each knew that their lives were forfeit if they were found. But before they left they fulfilled the prophecy. One man rolled a stone from one corner of the Temple to another. His name was Brigham Young.

CHAPTER V

POLYGAMY: THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE!

WHAT was the effect on the Mormon mind of this utter failure of Smith's prophecies? Financially, the Mormons were ruined. Desperate indeed was their plight. In Jackson County alone, 120,000 dollars worth of their property had been destroyed, and in the entire State of Missouri, 2,000,000 dollars would not cover the damage. Everywhere the spring saw a large increase in the number of poor destitute Mormons, who, helpless and starving, begged from door to door. No less than 130 families waited on the banks of the Missouri for the moving ice to enable them to cross—sheltered by tents made of their bed clothing. But their faith was unchanged. In a meeting held at Far West, that of Brother Heber was announced to be "as good as ever." Simeon Carter "didn't think Joseph was a fallen Prophet." Still he thought that "Joseph had not acted in all things according to the best wisdom." Thomas Grover, however, was "firm in the faith," and believed that "the time would come when Joseph would stand before kings and speak marvellous words."

Another brother, "stronger than ever in the faith, thought that the scourging they had got was necessary, and felt ready to praise God in prisons and in dungeons and in all circumstances."

It seems, indeed, startlingly clear that this sustained persecution of the Mormons was a cardinal error. It forged and welded the Mormon hosts into a solid, fanatical, rigorous phalanx, impervious to reason, blind to ridicule. Left alone their crudities would have modified, and their own intolerances would have destroyed them. But, persecuted they were united, and united they rallied to Smith when, grasping the offer of a friendly landowner who was "out to sell," he ordered his followers to make one further effort to establish Zion, and thus fulfil the prophecies of the "Book of Mormon."

The site chosen was on the east bank of the Mississippi, forty miles above Quincy, and twenty miles south-west of Burlington, Iowa. There, by a bend of the river, upon rising ground that commanded a magnificent view of the winding Mississippi, was to be the home of the Saints. A group of tents and houses was on the place selected; the name was but an everyday word —"Commerce." The Reformed Egyptian of the "Book of Mormon" supplied a better—"Nauvoo" the beautiful—and there, after an ordeal rare even in the serried history of religious rancour, the Latter Day Saints sat down to build their City.

It seemed, indeed, as if at last they were to have a chance of building the eternal city that so many had cemented with their blood, even before it was built. Here there was no local opposition. The Governor received them cordially. Rich landowners welcomed them with an enthusiasm that seems extraordinary, till we remember that the influx of population meant a large increase in land values. All seemed favourable for Nauvoo the beautiful, and the city grew and flourished. The foundations of the houses were laid in 1839, and in less than two years over two thousand dwellings were erected, besides school houses and public edifices. The city was of great dimensions, laid out in beautiful order, with wide streets crossing each other at right angles, and rising on a quick incline from the rolling Mississippi. "At your side," wrote a visitor, "is the Temple, the wonder of the world, and beneath you may behold handsome stores, large mansions, and fine cottages, interspersed with varied scenery."

Thus it seemed that the vision of Joe Smith was after long travail to be realized.

The building of the Temple was immediately commenced. The site chosen was exceedingly fine —the summit of a hill commanding a view of unparalleled magnificence. Built of a polished white limestone, almost as hard as marble, 138 feet long, by 88 feet broad, it was surmounted by a pyramidal tower, which ascended by steps 170

feet from the ground, for the Mormons had under persecution grown rich as well as powerful, and they lavished their wealth on this, the darling object of their affections—the Temple of the Lord round which their Zion was to grow and prosper.

Their persecution had, in fact, contributed signally to the glory and magnificence of the City that they now reared. All the Saints from afar had been ordered to come to Nauvoo, "with all your gold and your silver and your precious stones, and with all your antiquities . . . and bring the box-tree, and the fir-tree, and the pine-tree, together with all the precious trees of the earth, and with copper and with brass, and with zinc, and with all the most precious things of the earth."

The response was lavish. Throughout the States not only Mormons, but their sympathizers and friends, dispatched the "most precious things of the earth" in liberal quantities; often as a protest against the Missouri massacre. The Prophet's triumph did not end there. He secured from the Legislature an act incorporating not only the City of Nauvoo, and the University of the City, but the Nauvoo Legion. This Legion, inspired by a "revelation" from Smith, the City Council was authorized to organize from the inhabitants of the City, who were subject to military law. It was to be at the disposal of the Mayor in executing City laws and ordinances, and of the Governor of the State for the public defence. It embraced three

classes of troops—artillery, lancers, and riflemen. Its independence of State control was provided by a court-martial of its own officers. Smith was commissioned Lieutenant-General of the Legion by the Governor, and, when the corner-stone of the Temple was laid, it comprised fourteen companies. An army officer, passing through Nauvoo, expressed the opinion that the discipline of the Legion would do honour to any Militia in the States.

The Mormons seemed in fact irresistible. Smith was at the zenith of his power. The population of Nauvoo was almost wholly composed of Mormons, and his sway over the City was almost absolute. The Council and all the officers were practically his nominees, and according to the Eleventh Section of the City Charter, "all power is granted to the City Council to make, ordain, establish and execute all ordinances not repugnant to the constitution of the State." The attempts of his old enemies, the Missourians, to injure him were fruitless, and when he reviewed the Legion, accompanied by "six ladies on horseback—who were dressed in black velvet, and wore waving plumes of white feathers, and rode up and down in front of the regiment," his triumph seemed complete. It was perhaps, therefore, natural that he should have a further "revelation." This one concerned a Mansion House to be built, "ostensibly for the convenience of visitors reaching Nauvoo," but incidentally for the comfort and convenience

of the Smith family. The "revelation" ordered the subscription of the capital of a company without any delay whatever to found the House, and "let the House be called the Nauvoo House, and let it be a delightful habitation for man and a resting-place for the weary traveller, that he may contemplate the glory of Zion and the glory of the corner-stone there, and that he may also receive the counsel from those whom I have set to be plants of renown."

The "revelation" gave some direction as to the subscription of the Company's Stock, and excluded "deadheads" and speculators. None of the stock was to be allotted except to believers in the "Book of Mormon." Incidentally, the "revelation" also made friends with Dr. Isaac Gallard, the land-owner, who was largely responsible for the Mormons coming to Nauvoo, and who, formerly referred to as "a notorious horse thief and counterfeiter in his early life," was now "commanded to put stock into the House." Robert D. Foster was also ordered to build the house for Joseph Smith, "according to the contract he had made with him," and to "quit grumbling," and various other commands for the future welfare of Zion and the Smiths were given.

Thus Smith reigned, and on the whole the City flourished. But just as adversity brought out the strong qualities of the man, so now his triumph betrayed him. When he faced the mob at Fayette,

or led the Army of the Lord, cholera-smitten and panic-stricken, to the relief of their comrades, or when again, after the destruction of the second Zion in Missouri, he still bade his followers have faith, then, indeed, his qualities of unflinching resolution and grim determination redeemed almost the squalid vulgarities of his defects. But now these same qualities proved the man's undoing. Shrewd in deceit he had always been, but in construction he began to fail, and he became headstrong and over-bearing to an intolerable degree. The frequency of his "revelations" became a scandal, so much so that, after immense pressure, he was prevailed upon to agree that "for the future whenever there was a 'revelation' to be presented to the Church, he would first present it to the Quorum, and then if it passed the Quorum it should be presented to the Church." There is something deliciously funny in the notion of a man receiving an intimation from on high, and then referring it to his fellows to ascertain if he shall communicate it to them! But fanaticism is not favourable to humour, and it happened that before Smith agreed to this remarkable pronouncement he made just one more "revelation"—the "revelation" that was to bring him to earth at the supreme moment of his power, and to be a stumbling-block to the Mormon faith for decades. Smith "revealed" polygamy and it destroyed him.

It has always been matter for keen dispute at

what point polygamy crept into the doctrine of the Mormon Church. Hotly has the matter been debated, and clouds of rhetorical dust have risen over the combat. But the facts are very simple. For there was nothing in the "Book of Mormon," or in the doctrine of the Church, that sanctioned polygamy till Smith, "too much at ease in Zion," declared for what he in previous "revelations" and sermons had denounced. True, there had been in Mormonism elements that made in the direction of polygamy. A curious strain of agnosticism—that most potent of heresies—had coloured the views of the Latter Day Saints, the Chosen People, who were called on to rejoice in life and strength under an express sanction that was to exalt them above all other nations of the earth. And in the fellowship of the long forced marches, when the sharp edge of persecution drove them to each other's arms, or again when the wild emotionalism of the revival meetings stirred them to the roots of their being, there had been a strong tendency to that "free-loveism" which is inseparable to all but a staid and ordered community. Some, indeed, of the Mormon Elders, with the Bibliolatry that cemented their faith, had discovered in the habits of the patriarchs a justification for such a sanction as polygamy gave their passions. Over and over again polygamy had been mooted and discussed, and by Smith it had been denounced. But never had it been put forward as a cardinal doctrine of

the Church until Smith, flushed both with passion and with power, gave out the "revelation" that was to scandalize the whole modern world, and to disrupt his sect. And the final proof of this, as it is the final refutation of those adaptable Mormon apologists, who claim that polygamy was inherent in their doctrine from its inception, is the fact that the man to whom diffidence, hesitancy, *finesse* even was unknown, who gave out his "revelations" by the hundred and enforced his decrees unfalteringly, even this man was moved to speak with bated breath on the matter. For the first time in the history of Mormonism, Smith's "revelation" was a secret one. It was made in the winter of 1843. Not until the conference of Salt Lake City in 1852 was it ever made public. Till then it was given only to those whom Smith knew would accept it, for the Prophet realized that this doctrine of polygamy would strain his hold on the great body of the brethren as nothing before had strained it, and that to make the "revelation" binding on his followers he would have to risk his position. He compromised, and only to the elect, only to the coarser-grained and the most sensual, was the "revelation" permitted.

And as the "revelation" was one that changed vitally the whole character of Mormonism, I set it out in some detail:

"Revelation of the Eternity of the Marriage Covenant, including Plurality of Wives. Given

through Joseph, the Seer, in Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois, July 12th, 1843."

The revelation has sixty-six paragraphs, and from them I quote the following:—

1. "Verily, thus said the Lord unto you, my servant Joseph, that inasmuch as you have inquired of my hand, to know and understand wherein I, the Lord, justified my servants, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as also Moses, David, and Solomon, my servants, as touching the principle and doctrine of their having many wives and concubines."

4. "Behold I reveal unto you a new and everlasting covenant, and if ye abide not that covenant, then ye are damned; for no one can reject this covenant and be permitted to enter into my glory."

32. "Go ye, therefore, and do the works of Abraham; enter ye into my law and ye shall be saved."

37. "Abraham received concubines, and they bear him children, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness, because they were given unto him, and he abode in my law. . . ."

52. "And let mine handmaid, Emma Smith, receive all those that have been given unto my servant, Joseph, and to none else. . . ."

56. "And again, Verily, I say let mine handmaid forgive my servant, Joseph, his trespasses. . . ."

62. "And if he (any man) have ten Virgins given unto him by this law he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him, and they are given unto him, therefore he is justified."

This is the doctrine that the Mormons have inflicted upon thousands and thousands of girls and women—young, defenceless, inexperienced, whose last shilling has been spent in reaching Zion, and who learn too late that there is no alternative to polygamy.

"When a woman," says a Mormon writer, "first learns of the doctrine of the Spiritual Wife she is thunderstruck, faints, recovers, and refuses. The Prophet damns her if she rejects. She thinks of the great sacrifice and of the many thousand miles she has travelled over sea and land that she might free her soul from pending ruin, and replies, 'God's will be done and not mine.'"

This was the indictment which Smith's "revelation" drew out in Nauvoo, under circumstances that leave no doubt as to its truth. For it came from a source that could not be successfully challenged.

In all previous apostasies, whenever his character had been attacked, Smith's critics had been summarily dealt with. Not so on this occasion, for they backed their accusation by affidavits, stating that the Prophet's brother had read the "revelation" concerning polygamy to William Law, and to the high Council of the Church.

They did more. They published a paper called the *Expositor*, which affirmed their belief in the Church, but denounced Smith. They had sought, they said, to reform the Church quietly. Joseph

had spurned them and their pleadings. Now they risked everything—property and life itself in striking their blow at his "tyranny and oppression."

The blow came at a physiological moment—a moment when Smith's hold was weakening on Nauvoo, and when once again his name was becoming a hissing and a reproach. For the story of his amours began to sicken the people of Illinois, and reached the ears of his old enemies—the Missourians, who made repeated efforts to effect his re-arrest. Public excitement became intense, and the stories of Smith's lasciviousness roused indignation throughout the State, and the *Expositor* published in its first number a terrible attack on the Prophet's character, which blackened it as nothing before had done. Number 2 of the *Expositor* never appeared. Smith promptly smashed the types, burnt the office, and razed the building to the ground.

The Editor and the seceding Mormons hastened to Carthage, and writs were issued for the arrest of the Mayor of Nauvoo, Joseph Smith, and others who had destroyed the *Expositor*. Smith's answer was to declare Martial Law, and to put the Nauvoo Legion under arms. Nauvoo was one great military camp, strictly guarded and watched.

But the Governor was resolute on effecting the arrest of Smith, and the Constable and the Guard proceeded. Then for once Smith's nerve failed him. For once he showed the white feather—he fled!

But his wife, the woman whose affection he had never lost, wrote him in burning words to return, and not to be a "coward shepherd" and leave his flock in danger, and under a solemn pledge from the Governor that he should be tried by the law of the State, and not by lynch law, he returned.

It is doubtful if the pledge was given with sincerity. For when Smith surrendered, and had been bailed on the charge of destroying the *Expositor*, he was at once re-arrested for treason, for which there is no bail. That night, an armed mob, composed, it is said, of Smith's old Missourian enemies, forced the gaol, *blank* cartridge being fired on them by the guard. The mob did not use blank cartridge—and they shot Smith and his brother dead.

Smith's death was avenged. Two years later, the lieutenant in charge of the gaol was assassinated by a Mormon in the street. But the best vengeance, and the worst, is that at once Smith's memory became, even to the very Mormons in revolt against him, that of a martyr whose blood is still the seed of their Church.

CHAPTER VI

ZION AT LAST!

SOMEBODY once remarked about civilization that its upkeep demanded a certain irreducible minimum of great men and that if, at any given moment in the world's history, the supply failed, then, whether those concerned knew it or not, the fact remained that the general level of civilization fell towards zero. That is an extreme view; which, to most people, is as good as saying it is an untrue one. And yet how much of the world's history has been made for it, not by the patient plodding of the rank and file, but by the swift decisive action of some undiscovered great Man, who, in a few hours—a few minutes sometimes—has shaped the whole destinies of nations and stamped his individuality upon the future? Most certainly it is true of the Mormons that in the welter and confusion which overtook them on Smith's death at Carthage, the sect would have been dissolved amid general rejoicings, but for the fact that the crisis found the man—a man in whom, like Smith, baseness and greatness were inextricably mixed.

Brigham Young, like Smith, was a sensualist. Like Smith, he was an autocrat, resolute and unbending, but he had an amount of cold shrewdness and a swift insight into the instant needs of a situation that the dead Prophet never possessed. He was cautious where Smith was reckless, reticent where Smith was frank. He could play a waiting game. True, he lacked the "Money-Digger's" contagious enthusiasm. But none the less he was to succeed where Smith had failed. He it was who was destined to establish the Mormons in Zion, and his genius alone created that extraordinary *imperium in imperio*—the great Salt Lake City, the secret history of which these pages for the first time reveal!

It was at the first meeting of the Church after Smith's death that Young's authority was evinced. The Prophet's old colleague, Rigdon, the writer of the Mormon Bible, declared that the Church was in confusion, and must have a "head," and he wanted a special meeting called to appoint a "guardian." The guardian he had in his mind was pretty obvious. But Young had different views. He vigorously opposed Rigdon's claims, and with masterly tact declared that, as Smith had stood alone in life, so in death no one could take his place. "Let no man assume for a moment that the Prophet's place will be filled by another, for remember, he stands in his own place and always will." And then, to the assembled Mormons:

"Which of you want a guardian? Let him hold up his hand." Not a hand went up, and when Young proceeded to deal with Rigdon's subsequent proposal that the Church should move to Pennsylvania, he so carried the meeting that Brother Rigdon was "cut off from the Church and delivered over to the buffetings of Satan till he repents." And Rigdon departed from the Mormon Church for ever, to leave Young head of the Council of Twelve and master of the situation.

But, though Young opposed with all his might the proposal to resettle the Chosen at Pennsylvania, he saw also that some move-out was essential. For once again the "mobocracy" was rising against the Mormons, and once again, when these protected themselves, answering force by force, the State Militia marched armed on the Mormon Zion.

And then it was that Young planned one of the greatest exploits of its kind that has ever occurred in the modern history of man.

He would lead the Saints, he determined, to a settlement where they should be free to live their own lives—freed from the persecution of the Gentiles and the laws of hostile States, and there he would build a City against which the censures of their enemies should beat in vain. He would lead the Mormons, he decided, out to the far, far West, to the base of the Rocky Mountains, "a pilgrimage," said a great writer, "that has not been paralleled since Moses led the Israelites from

Egypt." The distance to be traversed was enormous, the perils unprecedented. Worse, the very destination of the march was unknown, for the territory chosen was unexplored, and in describing the start of the great march the Mormon writer said: "On the first of March, the ground covered with snow, we broke encampment about noon, and soon with nearly four hundred waggons were marching—*we knew not where!*"

For the Church could resolve nothing more definite than that it move, "one and all, west of the Rocky Mountains between this and next season, either by land or water." Every man was to give all the help he could to assist his poorer neighbour, and to remember "that it has cost us more for sickness, defence against mob exactions, persecutions, and to purchase lands in this place, than improvements alone will cost in another." And the Saints responded with extraordinary unanimity to the call. Some went overland to Upper California, another party chartered the steamship "Brooklyn" at New York and sailed round to the Pacific by Cape Horn—to arrive earlier than their fellows, and to prosper exceedingly at the diggings, amassing large quantities of gold.

But the majority went on foot or in caravans. The pioneer company set out in haste and were very imperfectly supplied with necessities. The cold was intense. They moved in the teeth of

keen-edged north-west winds, and along the scattered water-courses, where they broke the thick ice to give their cattle drink, the annual autumn fires had left little wood of value. So that without tents, they had not even good camp-fires, and after days of fatigue, their nights were passed in restless efforts to save themselves from freezing. The hardiest and strongest became helplessly crippled. Their beasts began to fail, and when their food supply gave out they could only keep from starving by seeking for roots. Still they kept on, their path marked by rude graves—dreadful mile-stones of the awful march to the failing stragglers in the rear!

The plan of operations provided for sending out these pioneers to select the route and camping sites, to make bridges where they were necessary, and to open roads, and for the parties who followed, progress was less terrible. Small bodies of men went to the nearest towns *en route* to work, accepting food and clothing as pay, and two Elders were deputed to tour the States for contributions. When the pioneers could not march, they repaired their waggons, and made chairs, tubs, and baskets. But for the most part the cry was, "On to Zion," and no lack of equipment sufficed to keep back the trail of human beings whose outline silhouetted against the plains for miles and who rested only where the pioneers had built a camp, and when the bitterest part of winter made progress an impossibility.

"We have," said Young, writing from Winter Quarters, "upwards of seven hundred houses in this miniature City, composed mostly of logs in the body, covered with puncheon, straw, and dirt . . . they are comfortable this winter, but will not endure the spring."

So in the spring Young moved out to cross the immense wilderness of the Far West with a band of one hundred and forty-three men, three women, and two children. They had seventy-three waggons. They rose to the bugle at 5 a.m., and returned to the waggons at 8.30 o'clock, and here, where is now the line of the Union Pacific Railway, Young laid down the Mormon trail, picking the road for the multitudes that were to come after him, so that they had good pastures for their horses, and avoiding so far as possible all natural obstacles. On the 10th of May, the first of the Mormon post offices was established. Into a board six inches wide and eighteen long, a cut was made with a saw, and in the cut a letter was placed. After nailing in cleats to retain the letter and addressing it to the officers of the next company, the board was nailed to an eighteen foot pole and set firmly in the ground.

The pioneers found worse difficulties in the spring and summer than during the winter which had kept them prisoners. Buffaloes in herds of hundreds of thousands rushed across their path and compelled frequent halts. Wolves snarled at them—not from a distance. The Indian threatened

them on every side. Sometimes no water could be found. Sometimes clouds of mosquitoes descended upon them. Worst of all, perhaps, their column of waggons was enveloped in whirling clouds of dust, and the mountain fever drove them to despair. But the halts were of brief duration. Nothing could damp the ardour of the Saints.

Party after party followed the pioneers on this march toward the Zion of the future. Young himself took charge of the last body that left Nauvoo, with its blackened and ruined Temple, for the City by the great Salt Lake. One of the most powerful of living writers has drawn for us a vivid picture of this march of the Mormons. "What a caravan it was! When the head of it reached the base of the mountains, the rear was not yet visible on the horizon. Right across the enormous plain stretched the straggling array—waggons and carts, men on horseback, and men on foot. Innumerable women staggered along under burdens, and children toddled beside the waggons or peeped out from under the white coverings. . . . There rose through the clear air a confused clattering and rumbling from this great mass of humanity, with the creaking of wheels and the neighing of horses.

"From the shores of the Mississippi to the Western slopes of the Rocky Mountains they had struggled on with a constancy almost unparalleled in history. The savage man, and the savage beast, hunger, thirst, fatigue, and disease—every impedi-

ment which Nature could place in the way—had all been overcome with Anglo-Saxon tenacity. Yet the long journey and the accumulated terrors had shaken the hearts of the stoutest among them. There was not one who did not sink upon his knees in heart-felt prayer when they saw the broad valley of Utah bathed in the sunlight beneath them, and learned from the lips of their leader that this was the promised land, and that these virgin acres were to be theirs for evermore."

CHAPTER VII

THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT

So at long last the Mormons entered Zion. Let us see what they made of their opportunity.

Their management was excellent. The site had been well chosen, and the City was admirably, beautifully built. What of the life men led in it? Poverty was unknown. To all was allocated work, and Young's skill in administration and organization was undeniable. Around the City, farms were allotted and apportioned and inside labour was in keen demand for many a day and in the lean years that were to come it was provided that the unemployed workman could, under the letter of the Mormon dispensation, draw money, a right that still obtains. Under Young, however, unemployment troubled Salt Lake City little and troubles it little to-day. "We want," he wrote, "a company of woollen manufacturers to take our wool from our sheep and convert it into the best clothing, and the wool is ready. We want a company of cotton manufacturers who will convert cotton into cloth and calico, and we will raise the cotton before the machinery can be ready. We want a company of

potters. We need them. The clay is ready, the dishes wanted. Send a company of each, if possible, next spring. Silk manufacturers and others will follow in rapid succession."

In a word Salt Lake City flourished. And it flourishes to-day. It is a real community with a place kept for all; a great family, as it were, whose members realize they are all interdependent one on the other, and none of whose members may starve or grow up uncared for, to find no place at the table of life. No one can doubt the fellowship of the Mormons, and no one can doubt how great a thing fellowship is. But when that has been said, all has been said for Mormonism. The City that Brigham Young founded by the great Salt Lake was, and is, a great City, that continues to flourish exceedingly. Indigence, squalor, and poverty are virtually unknown in it. More, there is a real community of interest pervading all classes, and an ardent religious faith unites a people whose history and traditions are indeed remarkable. But there are heavy, terribly heavy, entries on the other side.

Almost the first step Young took when firmly established at Salt Lake City was to impose polygamy on the Saints. Young not only justified and defended polygamy, he made it compulsory. He endowed it with all the poetry of which he was capable.

"Space was thronged," so the congregation of

the faithful were informed, "with souls seeking the body without which they could not in any way work out their salvation." It was a poetical idea, such as would appeal to the inhabitants of the listening solitudes of the Far West. Then came the practical application of this strange picture of the darkness of night crowded with crying souls seeking the gate into heaven. It was every man's duty to help as many of these souls as possible to pass through the outer gate, and the duty of every woman (since she herself was the outer *janua celi*) to co-operate in the task of adding to the population of heaven. From the first, the leaders of Mormonism had thrust women into a far lower place than men; she was created, so they taught, for man's pleasure and to be his humble servitor. Now, it appeared that she herself could not be saved except she was "sealed" to some husband among the Latter Day Saints, in order that she might have children.

What was the effect of this doctrine on the women of Salt Lake City? The best proof of its degrading consequences is to be seen in a statement of Horace Greely, the great American journalist, who wrote:—"The degradation, or, if you please, restriction of woman to the single office of child-bearing and its accessories, is an inevitable consequence of the system here paramount. I have not observed a sign in the streets, an advertisement in the journals of this Mormon metropolis, whereby

a woman proposes to do anything whatever. No Mormon has ever cited to me his wife's or any other woman's opinion on any subject. No Mormon woman has been introduced or spoken to me, and though I have been asked to visit Mormons in their houses, no one has spoken of his wife (or wives) desiring to see me, or his desiring me to make her acquaintance."

In a word polygamy means the dehumanization of women. See how they themselves appreciate it:—

"Oh, it is hard," said a Mormon wife to Mrs. Waite, "very hard; no matter we must bear it. It is a correct principle and there is no salvation without it. We had one (polygamous wife), but it was so hard, both for my husband and myself, that we could not endure it, and she left us at the end of seven months. She had been with us as a servant several months, and was a good girl; but as soon as she was made a wife she became insolent . . . but I wish we had kept her, and I had borne everything, for we have got to have one, and don't you think it would be pleasanter to have one you had known than a stranger?"

Leave the women for a moment and consider the case of the long neglected man. Elder Kimball called one day on a Prussian immigrant named Taussig, and asked him how he was doing. The German gave an unguarded grunt of satisfaction.

"And how many wives?"

"Ach! Two."

The Elder was shocked. "That is not nearly enough," he said. And the poor German was not surprised when next night, returning home, he found two women sitting in his hall.

"Brother Taussig," said his first wife (one may suppose with a suppressed enjoyment of the situation), "these are the Sisters Pratt. They are two widows of Harley Pratt."

One of the ladies then said, "Brother Taussig, Brother Kimball told us to call on you, and you know what for."

"Yes, ladies," poor Taussig assented, "but it is a very hard task for me to marry two."

"Ah! but," answered the woman, "Brother Kimball said you were doing a very good business, and could support more women. I want to get married anyhow."

And the good brother replied, "Well, ladies, I will see what I can do for you and let you know."

There is something delightfully humorous about the dilemma of the unfortunate Taussig, but consider it in the light of another statement.

"Woodruff," wrote a Mormon resident, "has a regular system of changing his harem. He takes in one or two young girls, and so manages after he tires of them that they ask for a divorce, after which he beats the bush for recruits."

It is pitiable to think that all the suffering, all the heroism, of the early Mormons should

TEMPLE BLOCK AND BRIGHAM YOUNG MONUMENT.

be prostituted to this horrible, this ignoble end. But, alas, the horror of the system does not end here. The divorced wives were as frequently as not "sealed" by Young to Mormons, who were practically dependent on the Church for their very existence. For to such a length did Young's dictatorship go that in the *Seer* he wrote, "No man in Utah who already has a wife, and who may desire to obtain another, has any right to make any proposition of marriage to a lady until he has consulted the President of the whole Church."

Such revolt as there was on the part of the Mormons in Salt Lake City came from the women; but that polished and informed person, Elder Kimball, made short work of the objections of polygamous wives, for in a discourse that tells us much of the status of women under polygamy, he said: "It is the duty of a woman to be obedient to her husband, and unless she is I would not give a damn for all her queenly right or authority, nor for her either, if she will quarrel about the works of God and the principles of plurality."

Those are words that should be kept permanently displayed, ready for reference whenever and wherever Mormon missionaries are at work.

Again, let us remember Brigham Young's advice to his wives. Speaking in a discourse, and therefore publicly, he announced: "Men will say, 'My wife, though an excellent woman, has not seen a happy day since I took my second wife; no, not a

happy day for a year!' . . . I wish my women to understand that what I am saying is for them as well as for all others, and I want those who are here to tell their sisters, yes, all the women in the community, and then write it back to the States and do as you please with it. I am going to give you from this time till the 6th day of October next for reflection that you may determine whether you wish to stay with your husbands or not, and then I am going to set every woman at liberty and say to them, 'Now go your way, my women, with the rest: go your way.' And my wives have got to do one of two things; either round up their shoulders to endure the afflictions of this world and live their religion, or they may leave, for I will not have them about me. I know what my women will say. 'You can have as many women as you please, Brigham.'"

"Brigham's wives," said a writer, "have no idea from their own experience of the marital relations of husband and wife in the Christian sense. Brigham sees them in the Lion House at the general dining table, or at evening prayer in the parlour, where they are all collected at the ringing of the bell, but many of them he never sees elsewhere. He calls periodically upon a few of them and inquires after their welfare; but there are others whom he rarely ever sees unless in case of sickness or when sent for."

And this man, be it noted, was the most promi-

nent in Salt Lake City, and thousands of young Mormons were brought up to revere him!

Let us look at polygamy from another aspect. It is frequently claimed, and no doubt with a certain degree of truth, that it is only the well-endowed in Salt Lake City who are able to indulge in the luxury of many wives. But the well-to-do are necessarily middle-aged. Often they are old men. A youth cannot afford a harem, and the result is that the Mormons have become habituated to the spectacle of greybeards married to girls scarcely out of their teens, and the husband-elect, who has been already married three times, escorts the bride to be—young enough to be his grand-daughter—to the theatre and the ballroom. This is seen in Salt Lake City every day, and the courtship ends thus:—

"When the day set apart for the marriage ceremony has arrived, the bridegroom and his wife, and also the bride, together with their relatives and such other guests as may be invited, assemble at the place which they have appointed. . . . The President then puts this question to the wife: 'Are you willing to give this woman to your husband, to be his lawful and wedded wife for time and for all eternity? If you are you will manifest it by placing her hand within the right hand of your husband.' The right hands of the bridegroom and bride being thus joined, the wife takes her husband by the left arm, as if in the attitude of

walking. The President then proceeds to ask the following questions of the man: 'Do you, brother (calling him by name), take sister (calling the bride by her name), by the right hand, to receive her unto yourself, to be your lawful and wedded wife, and you to be her lawful and wedded husband, for time and for all eternity, with a covenant and promise, on your part, that you will fulfil all the laws, rites, and ordinances pertaining to this holy matrimony in the new and everlasting covenant doing this in the presence of God, angels, and these witnesses, of your own free will and choice?' The bridegroom answers: 'Yes.' (After a similar question to the bride), the President then says: "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, I pronounce you legally and lawfully husband and wife, for all time and for all eternity."

According to an official Mormon authority,* the wife has no choice but to assent to these polygamous unions.

"When a man who has a wife teaches her the law of God, as revealed to the ancient Patriarchs, and as manifested by the new revelation, and she refuses to give her consent for him to marry according to that law, then it becomes necessary for her to state, before the President, the reasons why she withholds her consent . . . if the wife can show no good reason why she refuses to comply

* See "The Millennial Star," vol. xv., pp. 214, 215.

with the law which was given unto Sarah of old, then it is lawful for her husband, if permitted by revelation through the Prophet, to be married to others without her consent; and he will be justified and she will be condemned, because she did not give them unto him as Sarah gave Hagar unto Abraham, and as Rachel and Leah gave Bilhah and Zilpah to their husband, Jacob."

This, then, was the system that the genius of Brigham Young forced upon the Mormon people. Polygamy became a part and parcel of their lives. It coloured all their conceptions of life so that the generation following Young and the generation following his successors have no idea, and never had any idea, of the home or of the family in any but an Oriental sense, and when we are told that, in obedience to the commands of the United States legislature, the Mormons have relegated polygamy to the limbo of the past, it may be just as well to quote the sworn evidence* of their President, the grandson of the Prophet Smith:

"Mr. Taylor: You say that there is a State law forbidding unlawful cohabitation?

"Mr. Smith: That is my understanding.

"Mr. Taylor: And ever since that law has been passed you have been violating it?

"Mr. Smith: I think it likely I have been practising the same thing even before the law was passed. . . .

* This evidence was given in the proceedings following the election of Reed Smoot in 1903, and is taken from official records.

"Mr. Taylor: You have not in any way changed your relations to those wives since the manifesto or the passage of this law of the State of Utah . . . you have caused them to bear you new children—all of them?

"Mr. Smith: That is correct, sir.

"The Chairman: Then you have five wives?

"Mr. Smith: I have . . . I have had eleven children born since 1890.

"Mr. Taylor: Were those children by all your wives—that is, did all of your wives bear children?

"Mr. Smith: All of my wives bore children . . . I have had born to me eleven children since 1890, each of my wives being the mother of from one to two of those children.

"Senator Dubois: I understand from the testimony here yesterday that the heir to the throne is also a polygamist—the head of the quorum of apostles now—who, should he survive you, will be President of the Church?

"Mr. Smith: That is correct.

"The Chairman: Why is it necessary, in order to support your children, educate and clothe them, that you should continue to have children by a multiplicity of wives?

"Mr. Smith: Because my wives are like everybody else's wives.

"The Chairman: Then you could educate your children, etc., without having new issue?

"Mr. Smith: I have chosen not to do that.

"The Chairman: And in not doing it you are violating the law?

"Mr. Smith: Yes, sir."

It is true of course that Congress has passed acts against polygamy. It would be untrue to say that they have no effect. Polygamy, for instance, is no longer made compulsory under the Mormon doctrine. But then is it necessary to make a thing compulsory when it is already universal, and the notion that there is any awakening of public opinion among the Mormons against polygamy is surely utterly destroyed by the evidence I have quoted. That evidence can be added to almost indefinitely.

Brigham Young, in a burst of confidence, once communicated to an apostle that the wife whom he (the apostle) had cherished as the companion of his youth—a wife to him as he supposed for about two score years—had actually been "sealed" to Joseph Smith during the lifetime of the latter. Joseph, of course, was a law unto himself, but in view of the manner of life prevalent in Salt Lake City, it is by no means certain that this particular husband was alone in this distressing position. It is, of course, true that there are many instances in which more than one wife shares the same house with the husband, and in these cases of course, the risk of double "sealing" is not considerable. But it is also usual to board out the extra wives who most frequently pay their own way by sewing and other

employment. A Mormon with means would build a long low dwelling with an outside door for each wife, and thus house all of them under the same roof.

The difficulties of enforcing the law against this state of things in Salt Lake City are enormous. On one occasion when a Mormon was being prosecuted for adultery and polygamy the question rose, "Who was the guilty priest who married this man?"

The wife was asked and answered thus: "I heard a voice pronounce us man and wife. I do not know who spoke."

The priests, in fact, are concealed at these ceremonies, and it is next to impossible to trace them down. Congress has passed act after act aimed at polygamy, but that polygamy flourishes at Salt Lake City only a very blind observer can deny.

It is difficult to see how these laws can be really effective with a population that has definitely adopted polygamy, and who are determined not to abandon its practice.

Brigham Roberts was a notorious, an admitted polygamist, and a candidate for Congress. He was tried in the District Court in Salt Lake City on a charge of unlawful cohabitation. The facts were practically admitted. But the jury contained two Mormons who stuck out for an acquittal, and they were finally dismissed without agreeing. To say the least this does not encourage other prosecutions.

The stern fact is that polygamy has become inseparable from Mormonism.

They have a story "on the other side," a story popular among Yankee lawyers, that once, it is alleged, moved the great Brigham Young to hilarity. And not without occasion, for it illustrates exactly the difficulty in the way of bringing home to the individual Mormon the statutory offence of polygamy. A certain notorious character, a member of a wild community out West, and a highly successful thief, was charged one day with stealing ham. Public opinion seemed against the man, and the facts as to his guilt were clear. He retained an eminent lawyer for his defence, however, and instructed that gentleman "to make a fight for it."

The lawyer demurred. "Far better plead guilty," he said. "You're bound to be convicted. Let us save the Court trouble, and I will try to get you off with a light sentence."

But the thief was obdurate and insistent. "Guess my plea of not guilty will stand," he rejoined. "Do you make the best speech you know how," and the lawyer "did his damnedest."

He objected and he cross-examined, and he protested. But to no avail. The theft of the ham was as clear as the noonday sun. Then he spoke—eloquently, feelingly, and with all the conviction he could summon, but with the dreadful feeling that in the face of the evidence, only one

conclusion was possible. And then the Judge summed up, and in a few pointed sentences redirected the attention of the jury to the salient facts which were, of course, that several unimpeachable witnesses had seen the prisoner steal the ham, and the advocate despaired.

But the jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

That night the lawyer met his client and sought an explanation of the miracle.

"It is quite simple," said the prisoner, "eleven of the jurors helped me eat that ham."

So it was, so it is, in Salt Lake City. Juries of Mormons, who are themselves polygamous, try other polygamous Mormons, and the proceedings are rendered farcical, because it is impossible, or nearly impossible, for the prosecution to obtain an adverse verdict.

To enforce a law upon a people against their will is enormously difficult, and the obstacles in the way of putting down of polygamy in Salt Lake City by the high hand of the law are so numerous and so baffling that one despairs of that solution. The whole social life of this generation of Mormons has centred round polygamy, which has become an institution as firmly founded and as ardently supported as is the home in our own land.

True, nearly every argument advanced in its support by Mormon apologists, crumbles under all but the most delicate handling. It is alleged, for

instance, that the polygamous wife is invariably succoured and supported by her husband, but there is on record the dreadful case of Elder Orson Pratt, who left a young wife with three children in a log cabin at Tooele—to die of fever and starvation, and wretchedness, and neglect. That this case was one of many I do not pretend, but the fact remains that the Elder went absolutely unpunished, and so far as I know, absolutely uncensured by the Church.

Again, it is alleged, with all the power of paradox, that polygamy makes for and indeed ensures morality. "The House of the Red Lamp," it is urged, was unknown in Salt Lake City till the Gentiles settled there in large numbers, and adultery, under the Mormon creed, is a rare and unpardonable offence, punishable with death!

But even admitting all that is claimed, all that can be claimed, for polygamy on these heads—and I am, I hope, far from disparaging the considerations they raise—yet, I say, under the Mormon dispensation, there was such a welter of licentiousness among the hierarchy, and such a cynical degradation of women, as to tempt one to declare for prostitution as preferable, and when it is claimed by Mormon writers that adultery does not exist in Salt Lake City, let us remember that a woman may be married to one man and "sealed" to another.

Says a Mormon writer: "A woman has been married to a man she does not like. She comes to Salt Lake City and sees someone whom she does

like. The man's position is such that she does not wish to leave her husband, but only desires to secure another for an eternal husband. She can be 'sealed' to this other man and still remain with her first husband, and the Mormons believe that all her children will belong to the man to whom she is 'sealed.' These marriages, or sealings, must be consummated to be valid. But the husband may wish to get his wife 'sealed' to him. To tell him the real facts would make him apostatize; convert a warm adherent into a devoted enemy, and therefore the Mormons will perform a mock ceremony, contending 'that it is better that the man be deceived rather than that the whole Church should suffer.' "

It is fair to the Mormons to say that the man who wrote these words was an Elder who had been expelled from the Church, and that they generally repudiate his criticisms. But the Mormon adoption of polygamy rests, to some extent at all events, on Smith's "revelation," and that he took this easy view of the marriage vow there is the clearest evidence. I suggest that those who followed him in the priesthood did so too, and that in those early days of Salt Lake City, when their power was paramount, and when polygamy was practically unchallenged and at its height, when the Gentile population was a negligible quantity, when, in a word, Mormonism was supreme—then the circle of the Elders was polluted by rank and gross licen-

tiousness that makes these official defences of polygamy ridiculous.

That the great bulk of the people were touched by this form of the evil, I do not say. There was a fate less repulsive but, as I shall presently show, almost essentially as bad. But their lives, wholesome—save in one respect—simple, industrious, unremitting, were free at any rate from the taint of lascivious indulgence, which to those in high places in Salt Lake City, became, alas, as second nature.

Again, the Mormon view of the family makes it difficult to respect their plea that adultery does not exist in Utah.

According to the Mormon view of things a man's family constitutes his glory, so if he goes on a mission for several years, leaving from two to a dozen wives behind him, this necessarily causes some loss of family, and consequent sacrifice of salvation. The difficulty is obviated by the appointment of an agent or proxy who shall stand to the wives in their husband's stead. The Mormon Elders argue from the old Mosaic law "of a brother raising up a brother's seed to a dead brother;" and so the missionary was dispatched, sometimes to England, sometimes to Australia—perhaps young, zealous, fired with enthusiasm for the faith, and for the wonderful City that the genius of the President was building up. Perhaps his wives, or one of them, were good to look upon, and perhaps the proxy appointed was an Elder. Perhaps—but

we know little of the "proxy doctrine," for Young, who in all the exhilaration of his stupendous power, never lost his head, "deferred" its public pronouncement, and again, as the number of missionaries were small, the average Mormon was untouched.

But he groaned under a harsher tyranny even than that which betrayed Uriah the Hittite; under a tyranny that it is almost inconceivable that men of our race ever brought themselves to suffer.

Somebody once remarked that you could choose everything for a man except his wife. His politics, his religion, his walk in life—all these, if you start early enough, you can select or predict. But his choice of a wife is one of those things that the most exigeant of despots, the most cringing of slaves, feel should belong to the man himself alone. Richard Feverel, one remembers, laid down his pen meekly when Sir Austen forbade him to write sonnets. But nothing in the world could stop him marrying the girl of his choice, and if one suggested to the ordinary Englishman that the local authority should select the companion with whom they should spend their lives, they would respond, not with anger, but with the laughter of incredulity. But that is what happened in Salt Lake City. A man was happily married. He did not wish a second companion. But the Elders told him that to stand out against polygamy was to "sin against his first

wife, in that if he had no more than one wife he could never exalt her in the Celestial Kingdom." And so the unwilling husband was compelled to take a second, and was often compelled to take the lady whom the priests indicated they preferred.

I will give an instance. Mrs. Stenhouse, the revolting Mormon lady, whose arresting work, "Tell it All," won the commendation of Harriet Beecher Stowe, knew a Monsieur Bailiff who jogged along comfortably enough in Salt Lake City, able to pay his "tithing" and his way, fond of his wife and his home—the very type of a good staid citizen. But the Bishop visited M. Bailiff and counselled him to take another wife. More, he "counselled" him that his servant, a good faithful domestic, and French also, should get married too. She was a barren woman, a reproach in Mormondom. In those days they valued a Bishop's "counsels" too highly to disregard them, and M. Bailiff, against his wish, and his wife's wish (one is not quite so sure about the servant) married the latter.

The question may be asked, "Why did he not go, shaking off the dust from his feet?"

But there is an answer—an answer of tragic importance to some of the imprisoned souls then in Utah—*there was no railway from the City!*

It is true, of course, that the "revelation" binding the Mormon Church, stated emphatically that before a man could take a second wife, it was

inevitable that he should have the full consent of the first. In Europe the Mormon missionaries made no little play with this provision. It took, they said, any possible harshness or injustice away from polygamy. But the "revelation" did not end here. It says of the woman:—

"She shall believe, or she shall be destroyed."

And the whisper crept round Utah, that if the woman still refused, the Priesthood did not wait for the Lord to destroy her. The woman disappeared —swiftly, silently, and for ever!

And the women who remained heard of her fate and sobbed through their clenched teeth—and in fear lest their sobs should be heard!

"Curse is a heavenly word to apply to such a system," said one of them; "why in hell there can be nothing more detestable than this."

Is this language exaggerated, hysterical? Let us remember that under the old dispensation a man would be married in the same day by the same priest to two sisters, both of whom would be his wives.

"It would be impossible," wrote Mrs. Stenhouse, "for me to tell the thousand and one indignities to which I was forced to submit." Mrs. Stenhouse had been married to her husband for fifteen years. He was happy and content. She the same. Then the Elders descended upon the couple. It was absolutely imperative that he should take another wife. The man resisted

MAIN STREET, SALT LAKE CITY, LOOKING NORTH.

as long as he dared, but it was impossible that he could hold out for ever. His engagement had to be announced, and his wife had to watch him conduct another courtship; to see him prepare to take his new sweetheart out, dressing in his best and getting the best seats for the theatre. What can be the feelings of a woman placed in such a position when she hears the gossip of the neighbours, or listens to the comment of her friends? What must it mean to her when another woman calling upon her exclaims:

"Allow me to congratulate you."

"Indeed, on what?"

"On the excellent choice you have made for your husband."

Then, for the first time, she learns that her husband contemplates taking a second wife, and that he has assumed the formality of her consent.

It is not surprising that Elder Jedediah M. Grant, speaking publicly in Salt Lake City, once remarked:

"And we have women here who like anything but the celestial law of God, and if they could break asunder of the Cable of the Church of Christ, there is scarcely a mother in Israel but would do it. And they talk it to their husbands, to their daughters and to their neighbours, and say they have not had a week's happiness since they became acquainted with the law or since their husband took another wife."

The fact is that nearly all the women were in revolt against polygamy in Utah. Human nature is against it also. "Traditions and prejudices of centuries, the man-made creeds of the day, and the laws of all nations, unitedly indicate the idea that it is sinful for a man under any circumstances to have more than one living and undivorced wife at the same time." Thus the book of Ready References for Mormon Missionaries. It is a true bill, and the answer according to the same work is that polygamy received the assent of the ancient Israelites! Surely the force of fatuity can no further go?

So strong, so intense was the feeling of Mormon women against the second marriage, and the second wife, that very often their husbands did not dare to tell them that they had another spouse in view, and the first intimation that such was the case was the arrival at the home of the first wife's successor! Such a position would be comical if it were not for the intense human feeling that underlies these dreadful cases—cases which show us that the words freedom and liberty in Salt Lake City, under the reign of Young, had no meaning.

The proof of this is overwhelming. Hoagland's Bishop had a daughter, Emily, who was herself in love with a young unmarried man. The couple were, in fact, engaged. But the Elders had other views.

They decided that Emily was to be married to a

Mr. J. C. Little, who was already a married man, and who did not wish to add to his establishment. Both the man and the girl did their best to fight the power of the Priests—but it was in vain.

They succeeded, and Emily and Little were joined in unholy matrimony.

It is, of course, true that the Elders were under the necessity of providing every unmarried woman with a husband, and this may explain, may perhaps excuse some of their actions and decisions. But does it make the system less intolerable to men who come of a race valuing freedom as a precious asset and who had, in fact, to submit to a tyranny from which the chattel slaves of the South were happily free ?

The very chattel, though, alas, often parted from his wife and family, was still under no obligation to take another. Still less did his women have dinned in their ears the everlasting message of the Mormon Faith:—

"The law of plural marriage is God-given, and as eternal as any law ever given by the Father; and any persons who disbelieve it, . . . or who are afraid to advocate its principles, are not Latter Day Saints."

The best point about these unhallowed marriages in Utah was that they were easily dissolved. A Bill of Divorce was given by the husband to the wife and if countersigned by the President, it was quite valid and sufficient. There was, as a rule, no

difficulty about getting Brigham to fix his signature to one of these documents which are almost primitive in their simplicity. We reproduce one here in full:

KNOW ALL PERSONS BY THESE PRESENTS:—

THAT WE, the undersigned..... .....and.....his wife, before her marriage to him.....do hereby mutually COVENANT, PROMISE, and AGREE to Dissolve all the relations, which have hitherto existed between us as HUSBAND and WIFE and to keep ourselves separate and apart from each other from this time forth.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands at.....this.....day of..... 18....

.....HUSBAND.

.....WIFE.

Signed. B. YOUNG.

Witness.....

Thus was divorce made free in Utah!

Much praise has been written of Brigham Young, and justly. His was a difficult task, and many men would have retired broken from its discharge. He had to organize upon a remote, solitary, barren spot, cut off from civilization, a people themselves wild and fanatical, inclined, but for the guiding impulse of a great directing mind, to lapse back into savagery. He had to organize their labour under

circumstances of infinite difficulty, for to provide for any scale of comfort among them, it was necessary to make their desert blossom like the rose. This he did. He successfully carried out works of irrigation on a scale that had never before been dreamt of. More, he had to see to it that every business in Utah was made to pay, for, like the Roman Emperor of old, before he could eat in satisfaction, he required to know that all his people had sufficient for their present wants and means to labour for their future. He had to accomplish all this, without anyone of first-rate ability to aid him, and he was himself an untaught, almost unlettered man, albeit one of extraordinary shrewdness and perseverance. For such a man, so circumstanced, this was a stupendous task. But it was discharged; and for that, history will surely pay him no formal tribute! But she will record also that the price he made his people pay was to force upon them, and upon their women, a hideous system, repugnant and dishonouring to the Soul of Man.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MORMON REIGN OF TERROR

WHAT was the strange influence that Brigham brought to bear upon the Mormons to secure their acceptance of polygamy, their acceptance of the system, not as an abstract or theoretical idea, but as an actual concrete fact in their lives? We have seen that when the Prophet Smith first propounded the doctrine of the "Celestial Marriage" at Nauvoo, it cost him, first, the allegiance of half his flock, and a little later, his life. Yet Smith had spoken of the thing in whispers only. Brigham proclaimed it from the Tabernacle! Smith's power crumbled with it. Brigham cemented his authority with polygamous teaching—the very teaching that undid his predecessor.

What is the explanation?

In part it must be ascribed to the change of circumstances. Utah, when the great Mormon host descended upon it, was practically free of Gentiles and of Gentile influences. The constant pressure and critical influences which were very present in Illinois and Missouri, as we have seen, were altogether absent in the Mexican State. More, the

very persecution that the Mormons had undergone had welded them into a fanatical phalanx, blind and deaf to reason, and to whom the voice of the murdered Joe Smith was as the Lord's appointed. So that the doctrine which they would not hear from the Prophet when he was alive, assumed on his martyrdom an almost sacred, almost Divine importance, and the very men who had opposed Smith in Nauvoo, now clamoured that as they were bound by his teachings and "revelations," so must they accept polygamy! The "Money-Digger" was more eloquent dead than living, and those who really gave his doctrine of plurality its chance were the Carthage mob who shot dead a defenceless man. From that moment the words of the dead Prophet had an importance they never before possessed, and to associate anything lascivious with his memory was an act of treachery.

Each and all of his inspirations and "revelations" were believed. Each and all of his preposterous claims had a commanding influence on the very men, who, had he lived, would of a surety have insisted on the abandonment of a doctrine that had no part or place in the original doctrine of the Mormon Church—a fact incontrovertibly established by the attitude of its chief theologian, Sidney Rigdon, who to the last denounced polygamy, and who left, in the expressive Mormon phrase, to the "buffetings of Satan," lingered on through an unfriended old age, whose silence was only

broken by denunciation of this perversion of the faith.

But there was another reason why the settlers in Salt Lake City accepted without much demur the new doctrine. They were anxious, naturally anxious, to get to the work of the Zion they had marched thousands of miles to found, and they accepted the Church as guide without reserve, or nearly so. For, remember, that on the Church they depended practically for everything. The Government of Salt Lake City was theocratic—and at the moment of its inception, when everything depended on the twist or turn that the few men at the head gave things, these men chose to twist them in the direction of polygamy. And as the City and the settlements grew, the Church grew with them and waxed "exceeding strong," until the network of its organization covered practically the whole of the people, till there was nothing too trivial for its notice, nothing too important for its cognizance. Says Conan Doyle:—"Not the Inquisition of Seville, nor the German Vehmgericht, nor the Secret Societies of Italy, were ever able to put a more formidable machinery in motion than that which cast a cloud over the State of Utah."

When we have examined for a moment the organization of the Church we shall see that these words are no mere rhetorical exaggeration, but a true statement of the case against the Church of the Latter Day Saints.

To understand aright the state of efficiency to which the Mormon Church had been brought, the simplest and the most convincing plan is for us to regard for a moment a Mormon household at its prayers. Every household, be it noted, has its morning and evening prayers. The father gathers his children round him: he prays for revelation, for the gifts of the Spirit for himself and his family, and then he prays in turn for every order of the priesthood.

Thus did he pray:—

"Bless Brigham Young, bless him. May the Heavens unfold unto him, angels visit and instruct him, clothe him with power to defend thy people, and to overthrow all who rise up against him; bless him in his basket and in his store; multiply and increase him in wives and children, flocks and herds, houses and lands. Make him very great!"

After Brigham comes his Counsellors, the Apostles, High Priests, the "Seventies," the Elders, the Priests, the Teachers, the Deacons, and the Church Universal, "that is to roll on until it fills the whole earth, and subjugates all earthly and corrupt man-made gods. All nations are to weaken before it, and to crumble to pieces, and Zion is to conquer."

Thus Mr. Stenhouse, in his monumental work, describes the daily devotion of the Mormon father, and quite apart from the vivid insight that the picture gives us into the mental condition of the rank

and file of the Saints, we have here summarized for us the various orders of the Mormon clergy, as is absolutely necessary if we are to understand how life shaped in the City of the Great Salt Lake, and under what conditions the almost incredible tyrannies I have recorded in the previous chapter became possible.

The lowest rank in the Mormon Church is that of Deacon, whose work is merely to look after halls where meetings, etc., are being held. He is of small importance. Not so the Teacher, the next rank in superiority. His rôle is of peculiar, of sinister importance. His duties, stated without comment, seem innocuous, but are not so in reality. They are to visit the Saints and to inquire into their faith and life. Particularly is he concerned in their prayers. He visits each house once a week. He sees that the prayers are regularly said, he inquires if any doubts have arisen, and he makes it his business to see that the "tithing," the tax of ten per cent. which the Church exacts, is regularly paid.

This Teacher reports regularly to the Council meeting—*especially mentioning any doubts.* If the doubt disappears, well and good: if not, if it becomes unconquerable, the "untamable" is cut off. He or she is excommunicated and "left to the buffetings of Satan."

We shall presently see the peculiar significance that lies behind this general phrase and how the Mormons themselves assist Satan to buffet the

extruded brother. For the moment let us proceed with our analysis of the Church and its machinery.

After the Teacher comes the Priest. The Priest, again to quote Stenhouse, is the head of the Aaronic or Levitical Priesthood, whose privilege is to preach from the rostrum and he can baptize by immersion "for the remission of sins." If necessary he can act with the Teachers and the Deacons. The greater can always officiate with the less, but the converse does not hold good.

It is with the Elder that the Melchisedec Priesthood commences. The Elder preaches, lays on hands and anoints the afflicted with consecrated oil, prays and "seals" upon him or her the blessing of health—and the patient is healed or should be.

There is no Priesthood higher than the Elders—"the order of the Melchisedec." But there are higher ranks—the "Seventies," the High Priests, and the Apostles. The Quorum of Apostles is confined to twelve. Their power is absolute. They send the Gospel to the nations; they withdraw it from the apostates; they consign the rebellious Gentiles to damnation. Next below them are the "Seventy," next the High Priest, and over the whole Church is the First Presidency, a Quorum of three, from whom, according to the theory, all authority flows downward.

There are strange stories of ghastly rites performed on the candidates for Priesthood at the initiation ceremonies in the Temple. Dreadful, and

frenzied oaths are, it is said, recited. It is alleged that the signs of Freemasonry are plagiarized. Certain it is that no recusant Priest has ever dared to come back to the City of Dreadful Night, but many have died strange mysterious deaths in foreign climes.

But let us see the effect of this highly organized fanatical army of Mormon Priests upon the lives of the faithful. It is paralyzing in its cumulative effect. Nothing is hidden from the inquisition of the Church. "Into every relation of life," says Stenhouse, "the Teachers have a right to enquire. Between parents and children, husband and wife, between wife and wife, the faithful Teacher has a right to step in." He is the all-seeing eye of the Lord and in the City of Dreadful Night nothing escapes him!

And the result of the system was to place in the hands of Brigham Young a power compared to which that of Sultan, or Czar, was almost insignificant!

A ghastly, a fearful tyranny grew up and the man or the woman who protested against polygamy, or against any order of the Church, was made to feel the marks of her heavy hand. The Church used cruelty, torture, and murder to enforce her ends and to ensure obedience. And the man who whispered doubts or dared to speak them openly was "removed"—or marked with the dreadful marks of the Church's displeasure. Every word,

every syllable, remember, that the ordinary Mormon said, even within his home, reached Young within a few hours, and he had but to turn down his thumb and that man's life was finished.

Murder and assassination dogged the steps of the Church. Whoever revolted, whoever opposed his will to the hierarchy, he was a doomed man.

This is no empty declamation. Facts support the charge of murder to the hilt. I will give an instance of something worse than murder—the dreadful case of San Pete.

Bishop Warren Snow, of Nanti, San Pete County, was the husband of several wives, but desired to add to the list a young, good-looking girl, resident in the town. But the girl was engaged and refused the honour—greatly to the Bishop's chagrin. He argued, reasoned, expostulated—in vain. Then her parents were requisitioned, but that was useless. The local Church authorities were brought into play. They commanded the young man to give her up. He refused. Then came the tragedy.

One evening that young man was summoned to attend a meeting where selected members would attend. Suddenly the lights were turned out. He was beaten, tied to a bench, and the Bishop castigated him—with a bowie knife! God knows what injuries he sustained. He crawled away, as he thought to die under a haystack. He did not die, however. He lived on, a hopeless lunatic.

And the Bishop remained a Bishop, and married the girl. It is said that Young was furious when told the news, but the perpetrator of this foul deed remained in the Church notwithstanding. Nay, not only did the crime go unpunished, but Mormons have boasted of it since and threatened its recurrence.

Does that case stand alone ? By no means. The Church, not content with its ordinary system of espionage, initiated something like " heresy hunts." Men were visited—flogged, tortured, insulted, because they were suspects.

Meetings of the Priesthood were specially called, and raids organized, and visitations arranged against those who, it was thought, were for standing out against the Church. It was decided to " remove everything obnoxious to the kingdom."

Mormons, one night, called on one H. J. Jarvis, an inoffensive storekeeper. They dragged him into the street, and threw him into the snow and threatened his life. After which pleasantry they set fire to his shop and robbed him of some 750 dollars.

Jarvis, perhaps as puzzled as he was outraged, went to one Elder, who refused him admission. " Israel is at war with you."

" But why ? " asked Jarvis.

And then came out the gravamen of the charge.

He had had Gentiles to supper !

One Joe Salter, watchmaker, had a similar taste

of the Church's quality. Everywhere through Salt Lake City the Reign of Terror spread.

Wilson, clerk to a U.S. Official, was kidnapped and kept captive from home for a day and a night.

Why ? He was working for a Gentile official !

"Ah, but," it will be said, "those men and others could have done two things—left Utah, or gone to the United States authorities."

But let me repeat, *there was no railway then from Utah*, and the United States authorities were powerless.

I will prove this from historical records.

At the village of Springville, in Utah, lived a family of the name of Parish, whose head had been devoted to the Church.

When Rigdon had at Nauvoo fought Young, Parish had been the latter's warmest supporter, and had loudly proclaimed his faith in the Quorum of Twelve.

But that was, be it noted, before the days of polygamy, and Parish, sickened at polygamy, had planned to take his family to California.

One evening, a Bishop called on Parish, with two brothers, and catechized him. "Do you pray ?" he asked, and "What are your plans ?" and Parish presumably answered him from the fulness of his heart.

Then came a public preaching at Springville to the effect that no apostates would be allowed to leave. "If they did," it was said, "dog-holes in

the fences would be stopped with them," and there followed, so it seems, a letter from Brigham Young himself, telling the Church to keep a watch on certain suspicious characters in the neighbourhood, and if they should make a break, and be pursued, he should be "sorry to hear a favourable report." "The better way is to lock the stable-door before the horse is stolen."

The words are Brigham Young's. Their meaning is plain and his object clear. Parish had been prominent as his supporter. If he escaped and told his story, denounced his old friends, and criticized their methods, then people would listen, and every speech Parish made would sound through the United States. At all costs he was to be stopped! And so the Bishop called another meeting, and—Parish found friends, two young men, named Potter and Durfel.

Both were fanatical Mormons, both were spies of the Church, and they won poor Parish's confidence and betrayed him.

Parish's horses disappear, but he is still determined. At Potter's suggestion, it is arranged that he and Durfel walk out of the village, so as to allay suspicion. They carry out this plan, and when they get to a place called Dry Creek, Durfel goes back to bring on Parish's sons, and finds Potter at the house ready to help also.

And the five return to the waiting father—and thence out.

And then as they turn down a lane by a fenced corner, a shot is fired, and there falls—not Parish, but by strange poetic justice, Potter. But the murderer sees his mistake, throws himself on Parish, stabs him to the heart, and then shoots one of the sons dead, and wounds the other.

I have set out the whole story, because in every detail it shows the terror that had come over Utah. The visitation of the Bishop. His warning. Young's letter. The theft of the horses, and last the murder. Do they not show conclusively how terrible an inquisition the Mormon leaders had imposed on their followers? Are not all the details eloquent of that *espionage* backed by force which grafted polygamy on to Mormonism?

What was the sequel? It happened that there was a Judge in Utah of unusual determination and character, named Cradlebough. He worked day and night, and exercised all his authority, to have the murderers tried, and when the Grand Jury of Mormons threw out the Bill, he issued his own warrant for the murderer's arrest, and backed the warrant with a military *posse*, and a constable to serve it.

And then—the Mormon Church stampeded Springville, and the constable found empty houses, deserted homes, and only women and children.

Cradlebough was defeated, but in a damning indictment to Congress, he set out the facts of the case, and charged the Mormon Church with the

murders, and with preventing their punishment, and his facts, backed by affidavits and the confessions of the murderers, are unanswered to this day—unanswered but, alas, forgotten or ignored by the missionaries of the Latter Day Saints.

The Springville murders do not stand alone. During the summer and fall of 1859 there was, said Stenhouse, a murder almost every week, and very rarely were the criminals brought to justice. Murder, in fact, became an institution in Salt Lake City, and the Mormon Reign of Terror lasted, not for months, but for years. Everything humanly possible was done to discourage or suppress the Gentiles. Even so late as 1866, Dr. J. King Robinson, a native of the State of Maine, practising in Salt Lake City, fell out with the City Council concerning the ownership of some land in the environs of the town on which he desired to erect a hospital. As it happened, the City Council were right and the doctor wrong—at least so the law decided. But some of the Mormons were not satisfied with their legal victory. They shot Dr. Robinson dead in the street. The panic that ensued among the Gentiles was terrible to witness. Men became afraid almost to leave their residence, and when their business compelled them to do so, they marched home in small bodies in the middle of the road, holding revolvers loaded and "cocked."

For the City Authorities, Mormon to a man,

made only the most perfunctory efforts to run the murderers to earth. Not for three days did the Chief of Police go down to the scene of the crime, and several hours elapsed before the Mayor was notified. General B. Weller, the Gentile lawyer, declared passionately that had the victim been a Mormon the offenders would have been laid by the heels in twenty-four hours! It was in vain that he declaimed, however. The Mormon Church was paramount. The police were fanatical Mormons to a man, who regarded Zion as the Chosen City of the Lord's people, and Gentiles and apostates as enemies to be destroyed at all costs. So great was the terror inspired, that when Lieutenant Brown and Dr. Johnson—the former an officer of the United States—put up a tent on a piece of land on the east side of the River Jordan, they agreed, when visited by members of the Danite Band, to leave the country rather than submit to be drowned or shot, one of which they were warned would undoubtedly be their fate.

And if the Gentiles fared badly, things went worse with apostates. Three of these, Potter, Wilson, and Walker, were arrested and charged with stealing a cow—perhaps on good grounds. They were lodged at Coalville, a Mormon settlement. Later it was found that Potter and Wilson had been shot, and the former had had his throat cut in addition. Walker got away unharmed. The explanation of their Mormon custodians was that

they were justified in attacking the men as they were prisoners trying to escape. But Chief Justice Titus held that there was a *prima facie* case for inquiry against the warders and had them put under arrest. What happened? They escaped from the marshal who had them in custody—himself a Mormon!

The marvel is that with murder abroad and unpunished in their midst the Mormons yet contrived to make Salt Lake City flourish. But flourish it did. "Their theatre itself," said a distinguished visitor from Washington, "is a rare triumph of art and enterprise. No Eastern city of one hundred thousand inhabitants—remember Salt Lake City has less* than twenty thousand—possesses so fine a structure. It ranks alike in capacity and elegance of structure and finish with the opera houses of Boston and New York. . . . President Young built and owns the theatre, and conducts it on his own private account, or on that of the Church, as he does many other of the valuable and profitable institutions of the territory such as cotton and flour mills, together with the best of farms." All these were created by the wonderful administrative genius of the Mormon President, and he made them brilliantly successful. Still more striking were his achievements in regard to agriculture. Young spread the Mormons out in small settlements extending one hundred miles farther into

* This number has increased enormously since. (See p. 109).

Idaho in the North, and perhaps two hundred miles into Arizona on the South, and his policy was completely justified. Irrigation was universal and extensive. The streams that poured down from the mountains were tapped at various intervals, the water carried away by canals—big and little—to the gardens and meadows in cultivation, and thence, by numerous little courses spread over the whole extent. Each grower got his share of water, and nearly every grower flourished, for whatever the sins of the Mormons, sloth was not among them.

And yet, despite all their industry, all their achievements; despite the ubiquity of their dictator, his unsleeping care and zeal and great administrative capacity; alike over town and country, over city and fields, there hung the terrible curse of that worst of all tyrannies—a religious domination.

The heresy hunts, murders, and visitations did not exhaust the dreadful fanaticism which some of the priests fanned so assiduously. A new and terrifying doctrine began to find expression in the Tabernacle, and wherever the more implacable of Zion's priests held sway. To anyone in Utah about this time who saw the City grow up, who watched the rise of polygamy, who saw how men took in marriage mother and daughter, sometimes their own half-sister, sometimes sisters by the same parent, and who saw also that any protest, any demurrer to this hideous system was followed by

the instant removal of the objector; such an observer might have well concluded that the Mormon Elders had plumbed the depths of religious fanaticism and that, at any rate, he knew the worst excesses that a fanatical and insolent hierarchy could inflict upon a people bound to them by strong religious feeling. But it was not so. There was still the crowning horror which Mormon fanaticism was yet to thrust upon mankind. The doctrine of the blood atonement, practically human sacrifice, began to be preached in Utah, and found ready acceptors. Stealthily at first and then with extraordinary boldness, it was urged on the faithful continually that for certain sins—and chief among them apostasy—men must pay forfeit with their lives.

The first to proclaim the doctrine in "good, set terms," was one Jedediah M. Grant. "There were certain priests," he said, "who get drunk and wallow in filth," and he continued thus: "There are men and women that I would advise to go to the President immediately, and ask him to appoint a Committee to attend to their case, and then let a place be selected and let the Committee shed their blood. We have those amongst us that are full of all manner of abominations; those who need to have their blood shed, for water will not do; their sins are too deep for that. . . . I would ask how many Covenant breakers there are in this City and in this kingdom. I believe that there are

a great many; and if they are Covenant breakers, *we need a place where we can shed their blood. . . .* (Italics mine.) I go in for letting the sword of the Almighty be unsheathed not only in word but in deed."

There is no doubt but that the feeling which prompted this awful speech was caused, in part, at all events, by the desire of some of the clergy to arrest the lasciviousness and sensualism, which was undermining their circle. And we find that Young, who followed Grant, explained that "There are sins that men commit, for which they cannot receive forgiveness in this world nor in that which is to come; and if they had their eyes open to see their true condition, they would be perfectly willing to have their blood spilt upon the ground that the smoke thereof might ascend to Heaven for their sins. I know, when you hear my brethren talking about cutting people off from the earth, that you consider it a strong doctrine; but it is to save them, not to destroy them."

Later, Young elaborated this argument, and he urged the importance of intelligent assassination. According to Young if you loved your brother as yourself, you would be prepared to shed his blood, for, said he, "I have seen scores and hundreds of people for whom there would have been a chance if their lives had been taken and their blood spilled on the ground as a smoking incense to the Almighty, but who are now angels to the Devil."

And, marvellous to relate, the doctrine "caught on." It seized on the Mormon imagination. It became popular. It found expression in tragedies so terrible that if they were not vouched for would seem incredible, but are so numerous as to fill whole volumes. From being homicidal the mania became suicidal, and men went daily to the President to confess to sins it is doubtful they had ever committed. To even greater lengths were the women carried, and Stenhouse, in his "Rocky Mountain Saints," relates an incident of such fanatical ferocity that it is almost without parallel in the history of religious lunacy.

One of the wives of an Elder who had been sent on a mission, broke her marriage vows. On his return she was told that she could not reach the circle of the gods and goddesses unless her blood was shed, "and she consented to accept the punishment. She seated herself upon his knee, and after the warmest and most endearing embrace that she had ever known, when the warmth of his lips still lingered upon her glowing cheek, he drew a knife across her throat—and sent her spirit to the gods."

That kind and loving husband still lives near Salt Lake City, and preaches occasionally with great zeal.

CHAPTER IX

THE AFTERMATH

WHERE does Mormonism stand to-day?

Much water has flowed under the bridges since the famous Danite Band took vengeance on unbelievers in Salt Lake City, and the fanaticism and cruelty that threatened to burst into so terrible a flame in Utah has long since simmered down. It would be folly to pretend that life and property are not as secure in the Mormon State as they are in London. To-day Utah is a State of the Union. She contains a large and flourishing Gentile population. Her leaders are most anxious to cultivate the good opinion, not only of the United States, but of all the civilized countries, from which the Mormons recruit, and long ago the possibilities of such crimes as the Parish murders or the dastardly mutilation of San Pete have passed away. They belong to a chapter in the history of the United States that has been definitely closed for ever, and to-day the murder of a prominent Gentile in Utah would be promptly avenged by Mormon officials.

Time had brought other changes also. The idea that Mormonism would obliterate or absorb alike

the New World and the Old—that too has gone. To-day no Mormon would dream of compiling a separate alphabet—as Brigham Young tried to do. No Mormon would advocate hatred of the United States. Least of all would any Mormon worth counting advocate assassination or demand the shedding of blood without which there is no remission of sins.

So far, so good. But it is well to remember what has caused the change. Murder, assassination, *espionage*, and secret societies, these are weapons the Mormon Church need use no more, *because they have done their work.*

They were employed for a definite end, and that end has been achieved. To-day the Mormon people in Salt Lake City accept polygamy as naturally as we accept the home and the family. Fifty years ago they were only wanting leaders and an opportunity to rise against it. We have seen the methods that the Church employed to stop them, and to "nip in the bud" any attempt to upset polygamy. Those methods to-day are supererogatory. For the generation of Mormons who came after Brigham Young accepted the polygamous dispensation as being in the natural order of things, seeing it was the only one they knew.

It is under these circumstances, and not until they had done their work, that the Mormon leaders dropped weapons which in their day had been terribly successful.

But, it is urged, they have abandoned polygamy also.

I propose to show that that is not the case.

First, I will quote from the "Ready References," the book designed especially for the use of missionaries and Scripture students. It says:—"A careful perusal of the Scriptures reveals the fact that the practice"—*i.e.*, polygamy—". . . is in accordance with the divine law given to the Israelites," and the book goes on to elaborate a closely reasoned argument in favour of polygamy.

This book is not one of a bygone period. It represents the present Mormon point of view, else why is it supplied to their missionaries?

It is alleged against this that polygamy must have been given up because only on this condition was Utah admitted to be a State of the Union, and because Article III. of the Convention authorizing Statehood contains the following:—

"The following Ordinance shall be irrevocable without the consent of the people of the United States and the people of this State. Perfect toleration of religious sentiment is guaranteed. No inhabitant of this State shall ever be molested in person or property on account of his or her mode of religious worship; but polygamy or plural marriages are for ever prohibited."

Now it is obvious that so far as this definition goes the Mormons have the best of it. For while the practice of polygamy is prohibited, its preaching

"as a mode of religious worship or sentiment" is immune and, as we have seen, while juries in Salt Lake City consist largely of Mormons, any attempt to get verdicts against the polygamy exalted in their Churches is absolutely futile. The very first representative returned by Utah to Congress was a notorious polygamist, and was, on this ground, refused his seat in that assembly; but, as we have seen, he could not be found guilty in Salt Lake City.

This was as late as 1898, and there has been no change in the legal or the constitutional aspect of the question. Interviewed in 1911, "President Smith"—the descendant and successor of Joseph—"admitted that he not only has five wives, but forty-three children, and he laughed frankly at his inability offhand to classify his numerous offspring. The youngest child is five years old, and on its birth he was fined £60 on a charge of unlawful cohabitation with this child's mother, who is Smith's fifth wife, but actually his sixth, for he divorced his first wife in 1867."

That a people who have abandoned polygamy would elect as the head of their Church a man, who is not only a polygamist, but who boasts his practice of that faith, is incredible!

The fact is, of course, that it is practically impossible to compel Mormondom to accept monogamy, and absolutely impossible to do so while polygamy is being preached in her pulpits, Sunday

after Sunday, and expounded daily in her journals. To suppress those journals, and close those churches is, of course, impossible in a country with the traditional freedom of the United States of America. We must look to other courses to destroy polygamy, courses which are already operating, though but feebly.

In his most interesting work, "The Story of the Mormons," Mr. W. A. Linn gives some striking figures as to the present position of the Mormon following in Utah.

According to the United States census, the growth of population has been as follows:—

1850 - - -	11,380
1860 - - -	40,273
1870 - - -	86,286
1880 - - -	143,963
1890 - - -	207,905
1900 - - -	276,749
1910 - - -	384,942

This growth has been extraordinary. But what proportion must be credited to the Gentile and what to the Mormon population?

"The census of 1890," says Mr. Linn, "the last available, shows that, of a total Church membership of 128,115, the Latter Day Saints numbered 118,201.

"That the power of the Mormon priesthood has never been more autocratic than it is to-day, is," says Mr. Linn, "the testimony of the best witnesses

who may be cited. A natural reason of this may be found in the strength which always comes to a religious sect with age, if it survives the period of infancy. We have seen that in the early days of the Church its members apostatized in scores. . . . But the Church membership in and round Utah to-day is made up of the children and grandchildren of men and women who remained steadfast in their faith. These younger generations are therefore influenced in their belief, not only by early appeals, but by the fact that these are based on the teaching which has been accepted by their ancestors. It is therefore vastly more difficult to convince a younger Mormon to-day that his belief rests on a system of fraud than it was to enforce a similar argument on the minds of men and women who joined the Saints in Ohio or Illinois. We find accordingly that men of all classes accept missions to all parts of the world without; that apostasies in Utah are of comparatively rare occurrence, and that the tithings are paid with greater regularity than they have been since the days of Brigham Young."

So much for their hold on Salt Lake City itself. Practically they have got it in the hollow of their hand, and, as Mr. Linn points out, the women there to-day are, by a strange irony, among the fiercest advocates of polygamy!

But Mormon supremacy in Utah is not sufficient for Mormon leaders, and for a very good reason.

They are doing their utmost to increase their numbers in neighbouring States. Why? The one possible legal weapon, which the present situation admits of the United States using against the Mormons, is for Congress to adopt an amendment of the Constitution making polygamy an offence *under the federal law* and giving the Federal Courts jurisdiction and, of course, punitive powers. In that case, of course, Mormons would no longer be tried by Mormon juries, and the doom of polygamy would be sealed. But the Mormon Church is alive to the danger, and they know that the Constitutional Amendment must be ratified by a certain minimum number of States, and it is for this reason, obviously, that the Mormons are constantly endeavouring to increase their numbers in the neighbouring States, for, once they get control, the votes of these States will, of course, be cast against the dreaded proposal.

The extension of the membership of the Mormon Church in these States has been vigorously pushed, and the figures are as follows:—

	Latter Day Saints.	All Bodies.
Idaho - -	14,972	24,036
Arizona - -	6,500	26,972
Nevada - -	525	5,877
Wyoming - -	1,336	11,707
Colorado - -	1,762	86,837
New Mexico - -	456	105,749

In only one of these States have the Mormons a majority, but they are sparing no effort whatever, so to increase and multiply as to obtain the ascendancy in the other States, and their mercantile and trading influence in these States is enormous. But that they feel is not enough. It is a large and sustained increase in numbers that they desire, not only in the surrounding counties, but in Utah itself, for they realize that the constant influx of a vigorous and intelligent Gentile population must in time overwhelm the Church—unless she can obtain recruits in at least equal numbers; recruits who will bring to the service of the Church a zeal, enthusiasm, and capacity for suffering such as she commanded in the early days of the Mormon struggles, when the Latter Day Saints were fugitives upon the face of the earth. To keep Mormon ascendancy, in fact, they have to draw upon the outer world, not by the thousand but by the hundred thousand, and they look for the qualities of heroism, constancy, and devotion that they want in their recruits where those qualities are found so often—among women.

The great mining and business interests of Utah are slowly but surely attracting a mammoth population to the Mormon States—a population that must overwhelm the Saints unless these can keep pace with the enemy's growth. Then their Zion will be captured and their sect absorbed. It is for this reason that the missionary side of Mormonism is

being pressed with a fire and determination that in its long history has no equal. The Church and polygamy are at stake, and every missionary works for recruits with an ardour, desperate and intense.

The missionary side of the Mormon Church has always been one of its most remarkable features, and in nothing has the extraordinary devotion the Church can command been better illustrated. "From the youth in his teens," writes Stenhouse, "to the Elder in hoary age, all the brethren are subject to be called on mission at any time, and in such calls no personal conveniences are ever consulted. Should a merchant be wanted for a 'mission,' his business must be left in other hands, and his affairs conducted by other brains; so with the artizan, the mechanic, the farmer, and the ploughboy—they must in their way do the best they can. Seed-time or harvest, summer or winter, pleasure, or important work—nothing in which they are engaged is allowed to stand in the way. If poor, and the family is dependent on the outgoing missionary, that must be no hindrance—the mission is given, he has to go, and the family trusts in the Lord, and the tender mercy of the Bishop."

There is no missionary fund to defray the expenses of him who is sent; he travels onward without purse or scrip, "and makes his way from Utah to the Gentile nations in the best manner he can. Of late years the missionaries have been

permitted to take money with them to defray their own expenses—if able to do so."

The Mormon missionaries have always been extraordinarily enterprising, wonderfully pertinacious, and successful to a degree that has stimulated them everywhere to fresh effort. No journey has been too long, no risk too arduous for them to undertake if they could win converts.

In 1841 Elder Orson Hyde went so far afield as Judæa!

In 1843 Mormon missionaries touched the Pacific Islands and talked to the men and women of Sandwich. Later they went to Australia, Hindoostan, Christiania, Ceylon, South Africa, the West Indies, and British Guiana.

Before that Kimball and Hyde attacked Liverpool—as they boasted "friendless and destitute." They separated and went forth preaching to different towns—including York, Lancaster, Preston, and in 1840 the Mormons declared they had won over 3,626 members, of whom 383 were priests!

That number rapidly increased. In 1857 they claimed 4,848 in Wales alone, and 2,063 in Glasgow, and a total membership in the United Kingdom of 27,863, including 17,000 who had emigrated to Zion.

These emigrants, it is interesting to note, represented all classes of society. Messrs. Pilkington and Wilson, the shipping agents for the New

Orleans Packet, reported that they were "generally intelligent and well behaved," and included miners, farmers, labourers, tailors, watchmakers, stonemasons, bakers—all sorts and conditions of men.

Thus encouraged, the Mormons started early in their history a perpetual emigration fund. They still maintain this, and to-day they are pushing their missionary work with greater vigour than ever. For they realize that their very existence is at stake. Every day almost adds to the Gentile population of Salt Lake City, and unless the Mormons can command at least an equal number of recruits, they are bound to be swamped. The Mormon Church is working desperately to prevent this, and they are concentrating all their ingenuity, all their organizing ability, all their matchless proselytizing skill on obtaining recruits for Mormonism to maintain their hold on Utah. The missionaries spare no pains and stick at nothing. They do their utmost to reach servant girls either through their literature or orally. The *New York Sun* is responsible for a good story in this connection. A man secured employment as a butler in one of the smartest houses in New York, and so impressed his employer that he was given the engagement of the whole domestic staff. But frequent changes in the *personnel* of the household roused suspicion and caused enquiries to be made.

Then it was discovered that he was a well-

educated Mormon, who had obtained and used his position simply to recruit for Utah. He had induced sixty girls by the promise of a husband and a home of her own to leave New York for Utah.

There are, according to Mr. Linn, no less than 1,400 of these men in different parts of the globe, and probably they are all as determined and resourceful as the pseudo-butler—all ready to adopt any rôle if it will win converts for the Church they love.

Stenhouse gives a very interesting explanation, which helps us to understand, in part, the success that the missionaries have attained: "In the narrative of the experiences of the Mormon missionary it is almost universally one and the same story. Persons were found discontented with the established form of religion. They were longing for something that had more vitality, something that warmed the instinctive heroism of the heart, something that could make them rejoice in tribulation, and be willing to forsake all for the Gospel's sake. The world is not over-crowded with persons of this condition of mind, but to a certain extent they are to be met with everywhere among people of all religions.

"The announcement of the Mormon missionaries that angels were again visiting the earth, and that Elders were being once more sent forth without purse or scrip, to gather the lost sheep of the

House of Israel, was the very tidings that such persons want to hear. The faith of such a missionary is as 'A live coal from off the altar.' His very impoverished condition stamps him with honesty of purpose even if his doctrine may be unpalatable . . . his helplessness as a stranger in a strange land awakens sympathy, and admiration of his courage is drawn even from those who may oppose him. He is invited home. Curiosity is aroused and enquiry follows. He relates his travels, how he left his family in a far distant country and 'forsaking all'—to bring to them the great tidings of a 'New Dispensation.' He feels his dependence on the Lord; he is grateful for the moment's providential care, and his words are humbly and fitly chosen to touch the soul of his entertainer.

Britain has suffered most from the Mormon drain. Between 1840 and 1854 no less than 17,195 emigrated from Liverpool. This was when the journey occupied nine months by land and sea. To-day, the journey is one only of days, and we may take it that these figures are exceeded enormously, for to-day the Mormon missionaries are more numerous, better educated, as well equipped with arguments and as persistent and determined as their predecessors. Their mission to England is better organized now than ever before in their history. It is in charge of experienced Elders, and its headquarters are at Liverpool. From this

building young men are being constantly dispatched all over England. If an outcry is raised against the Saints in one quarter, that part is left severely alone and attention concentrated on another.

"The Mormon missionaries," says the Special Commissioner of the *Manchester Sunday Chronicle*, "are very clever young men. They have the hustle of Chicago stockbrokers. They dress like Piccadilly dadnies, and they can talk the Bible like Cardinals. More than one Liverpool clergyman has come a cropper in theological dispute with the trained controversialists of the Mormon Church; and the *Millennial Star*, which is published from the fine old house in Edge Lane, is well ahead of the average religious journal."

So much for the men: what of their message? They boldly appeal to that "discontent which is divine," of which every healthy human has his or her share. They paint in glowing colours the glories of the City by the Great Salt Lake, and tell again the wondrous story of the march across the desert. There is work and a home for all in Zion, they say; and the tired, fretted servant, sick of drab days of cheerless, unfriended drudgery, hears of the golden valley and green plains of Utah, where all are "brothers and sisters," where fraternity gives a sweetness to life, where everyone counts for something.

Then she is told of the struggles of the early Saints; how they were persecuted and trodden

underfoot, and made fugitives on the face of the earth, but that the Lord delivered them because their faith was great; and then her own faith is worked upon and the Mormon missionary plays his trump card. Why, he asks, if she believes in revelations that occurred two thousand years ago, should she not believe that revelations are possible to-day; and if revelations are possible, why should not those of Joseph Smith and his followers have credence? Finally, she is asked not to remain in a city where religion is for one day alone, but to come to Utah where she can live her religion, and where all the squalor, and sin, and vileness that mark the great cities here in the old world are unknown, and where she will exchange a cold master and a cross mistress for friends, "brothers," and "sisters," waiting there on the other side, waiting to welcome her home!

In this propaganda of the doorstep, polygamy is not mentioned, or only discreetly slurred over. Probably the convert has not even heard the word: still less does she realize the horror of the thing itself. It is very probable that she does not read the newspapers, and it is not unlikely that the Mormon missionaries are the first who have shown a warm human interest in her, or, indeed, evinced any interest in her at all—except the one interest that a young girl in a great city can always excite.

There are thousands, hundreds upon thousands, of such girls leading such lives in England, and

everyone of them who is not blessed with more than her share of shrewdness lends willing ears to the Mormon's flattering tale.

Perhaps, however, she has heard of the Mormons as bad people. She is invited to their meeting. What does she find ? The service closely resembles that of a Nonconformist chapel. The teaching seems to her the same. The congregation are staid, devout, respectable. She finds it impossible to believe that these people have practised the dreadful wickedness of which she has heard, and she at once discounts heavily every criticism of the Mormon faith, and accepts everything the missionary has to tell her.

She learns that the Church will pay her passage and will require only her devotion. It may be that she has a family or friends. In that case she hesitates—possibly is lost to the Mormons. But if not, or if she is estranged from her family, or not in close touch with them, then can we wonder if the Latter Day Saints capture another soul for Zion ?

CHAPTER X

HOW TO FIGHT THE MORMON MENACE

How can we protect our women from the menace which I have endeavoured to indicate in the foregoing pages?

First, let us see what action we must eschew. Persecution, or anything savouring of persecution, will prove unavailing and worse than unavailing. It has been suggested that Mormon chapels should be raided, their meetings broken up, and that mob demonstrations should be organized against their leaders. But that way failure lies. All through their history, there is nothing clearer than that the Mormons have thriven upon persecution. The men who shot Smith in Carthage gaol gave Young his chance of building his polygamous Zion. The men who broke up the Mormon settlement in Jackson County made the Army of the Lord possible. But for persecution, for the hold it gave them on the sympathy of Anglo-Saxons on both sides of the Atlantic, this book need never have been written, and the Mormons would to-day be an obscure sect, unknown beyond the bounds of a remote locality. Persecution brought the Mormons recruits; it brought them notoriety; it brought them money, and as it was in the beginning, so it is now, and ever

will be. There never was a cause with any element of vitality in it that did not thrive under persecution, and to that rule even the Mormons are no exception.

There is another suggestion, less vehement but more wildly impracticable. It is said, "Stop the Mormon missionaries coming in," and the Home Secretary is seriously urged to introduce legislation with this object. But such a suggestion requires only to be stated to be dismissed as impossible. For how can we conceivably refuse to admit men into England on account of their religious convictions; indeed, how can we ascertain what those convictions are? Presumably officers are to meet the boats at Liverpool, with a query for each passenger, "Please, are you a Mormon?" and when the Mormon has prevaricated and got past and commenced his proselytizing, we are to charge him with what? One does not know. But whatever the charge is, the proceedings are certain to give the Mormon cause an immense advertisement and an immense impetus; while it is, perhaps, worth remembering that Mormons are now citizens of the United States, that nation, at once the most punctilious and pugnacious in the world, with whom, we are told on all sides, our peace must never be jeopardized.

No. The difficulties of exclusion are enormous, the risks great. It is not in the least likely to be adopted, it could not be carried out if it were, and—the sequel would help the enemy and not hinder them.

Let nobody imagine that the pre-occupation of the world with the Great War, which has just concluded, has left Mormonism without its sting. The contrary is the case. The cessation of hostilities has created a situation peculiarly favourable to the efforts of the Mormon missionaries, and to-day they are proselytizing in every city of the world, *and their efforts bear fruits.* Day by day, week by week, month in month out, more women are lured to Utah. A Welsh miner writing in the *Weekly Dispatch*, on December 9th, states that he has seen on many occasions batches of girls, women and children, brought from Holland, Germany, and all nationalities in Europe. The majority were unable to speak English, and had left their own countries with Mormon Elders. "I travelled to Salt Lake," he says, "with a company of Mormon Elders, who had got over thirty new converts from the Netherlands and Germany. Most of these were young girls, who were put in service in the houses and bungalows of Bishops and other Mormons.

"These girls came to my house later on and complained of the way they had been dealt with since they left their homelands."

Bancroft Library

Their passage, of course, had been paid by the Church. They had arrived at the Bishop's office, near the Mormon Temple, to have the new situation that was awaiting them explained. Only then were they told the encouraging news that half of their wages would be given back to the Church until their travelling bill had been cleared.

"The innocent girls of England," says this miner, "are never told this," that is, before they set out to Utah.

"For these Elders, when on a mission in Europe, it is always a gamble for the most converts, just as insurance agents seek promotion for record business. The Mormon Elder in this country and in every other country lays his plans to win a 'Glorious Crown' in the City of Zion by winning as many girls and other new converts as he possibly can."

The writer of this letter lived for many years in Utah, and he states definitely, that polygamy is still practised in the City of the Saints. It is true, that in order to conform with the law of the United States, it has been excised from the Mormon doctrine, but that, he says, does not embarrass the Elders of the Church. "They are allowed to carry on with it in Utah to-day. The only limitation is that polygamy is not reckoned among their many articles of faith, which are simply a cloak and a bluff to the outside public.

"I could," he declares, "name many who are to-day polygamists in Salt Lake City," and he goes on to narrate results, the tragic result of one case—to wit, his own.

"Mixed marriages in a religious sense are by no means uncommon, but such a union is most unfortunate for the husband—as I have experienced myself.

"I left Wales with a wife and family. In Utah I stood out against great pressure and did not join the

Mormon Church. My wife was a Mormon. Because I had refused she could not go through any of the Church ceremonies. That started trouble between us.

"I am here a divorced man from the City of Zion. My wife and two children are there by now in the 'third stage of Heaven.' I am on the bottom stage of Hell as far as any Mormon cares for me or my 'kiddies' welfare."

So much for his own case. Now let us see how the system works out generally.

"The Mormons have their spies. Very little is done anywhere but is reported to the authorities of the Church, who immediately punish offenders against their rigid laws. These laws are 'beyond' to anybody that wishes to live a life of freedom."

Very significant is this statement; it is, of course, ridiculous, he adds, for people here to believe Utah has high walls to keep girls captive.

"But freedom there is not.

"They have their laws—Church and State laws, drafted in such a way that unless you are able to leave the State with a clear account to the Church and State they stop you. These laws dominate and rule you in everything—moral, political, commercial, and all religious matters. Any other sect of religion has to abide by them in sanctioning any matter arising for discussion among the various Churches that do exist in the State."

In fact, it is so terribly difficult to fight the polygamy which all her co-religionists covertly accept, and practise, that the young girl, arrived at Utah

and often little more than a child, accepts, however reluctantly, the doctrine that she must subordinate herself to the Church: the Church that still holds the great mass of the population in the hollow of its hand: organizing their employment, providing them with their house room, regulating their wages, and directing even the amusements that they indulge in.

To properly understand the power of Mormonism, in fact, we must remember that its system is based on a Theocracy, and, as history teaches us, a Theocracy can often succeed even in the teeth of hostile laws passed by a civil power. The Jews conserved the laws of Moses and the prophets in the teeth of the Roman dominion and forced Pilate to crucify Christ, in whom he saw no evil, along with Barabbas, the robber. Even to-day, under our own Empire the senseless rule of caste operates against the efficiency of British rule in India, and the high-grade native will not raise to his parched lips the vessel contaminated by one of lowlier birth. Force has its limits and once a creed, or system, has taken root among a people, then it requires something more than law, something more than police or even soldiers to break down the spiritual forces, however poisoned and distorted they may be, that give it authority and influence over the minds of men. Polygamy has entered into the very soul of the people of Salt Lake City, and the law is powerless against it.

And while recent events have not succeeded in modifying Mormonism, they have conspired to

give their missionaries a unique opportunity. What do its champions say? The orthodox, they complain, cry out against us in that we are immoral, and, as they say, enjoin polygamy. But what do we find is happening among their people? Polygamy with them is rampant. Bigamy is almost a common offence. The Divorce Court list is longer than ever. Every day the papers print details of revolting cases of deceived husbands and guilty wives. In Salt Lake City, we have none of these things. Join us, and you will enter a Society, unpolluted, undefiled by the sensuality that is at present raging throughout Europe.

There is, of course, an easy answer to all this. As Lecky has pointed out, there is all the difference in the world between evils that exist on sufferance and those that are sanctioned by custom. There are pickpockets at work each day in the Strand, but property still obtains; and the fact that the community is periodically shocked by the revelations of the Divorce Court does not alter the fact that female chastity is the rule, not the exception. But under Mormonism, which is polygamy, chastity is as impossible as property would be under communism.

There is only one way to fight the Mormon menace effectively, and that is by organizing a steady and sustained propaganda through the North and West of England.

We want a national Anti-Mormon League, and where the Mormons are organized and established, there the League must be busy! Sporadic effort is

ineffective. To check the Mormon menace we require sustained exposure. Regular outdoor meetings should be held, and the facts about polygamy rammed home. Above all, leaflets, short, pithy, concise, and authoritative, should be distributed from door to door in districts where the missionaries are at work. It would be easy to enlist voluntary workers to discharge the task, and there are hundreds of earnest men fully alive to the evils of Mormonism quite prepared to take the field against it.

And there are women also quite alive to the evil, women who are in no danger themselves, who have homes, families, friends, and interests of their own, but who can yet realize the cheerless lot of such a young girl, circumstanced as I have endeavoured to depict, and who can and will render enormous service in stopping the maiden tribute to modern Mormondom. In my view local Committees should be formed with whom these ladies could act. Thus, every district attacked by the Mormons could be thoroughly covered, and no girl would be lured out to Utah in ignorance of what awaits her. Every girl, in fact, on whom the Mormon missionaries call, would know (1) that Utah is polygamous, and (2) what polygamy means.

Let us try to realize the hideous dilemma that confronts such a girl when, after a journey of thousands of miles, she finds that life at Salt Lake City has only one opening for her. She has no means to return. She is a stranger in a strange land. She seeks in vain for counsel, friends, advice.

More, she is surrounded by a population largely polygamous, and she is told by the Elders that in opposing her petty will to theirs, she is seeking to thwart the purpose of God. She is in a desperate, a dreadful position. Not improbably she has quarrelled with everyone "on the other side," and has snapped ties of great affection, and the recollection of this embitters her to desperation. Probably she is young, inexperienced, without great elasticity of character, and the Mormon Church triumphs, and she is consigned to a fate from which every finer impulse in her being shrinks.

Surely it is high time that concerted action were taken whereby the facts could be known, whereby such victims could be saved in time—by being warned!

Since these pages first saw the light, I have received innumerable letters, emphasizing the importance of this Anti-Mormon propaganda, letters charged with sympathy and indignation, from all sorts and conditions of men. Thus, *Mr. Henry Holiday* (whose art is always instinct with reverence for women) urges the supreme necessity of protecting girls from being "decoyed into a life so miserable and so degrading."

Mr. Burt, who for many years previous to his retirement in December, 1918, was Father of the House of Commons, sends his blessing on efforts "to expose and put down a system so demoralizing and so enslaving to women."

Mr. John Hodge, the Labour Member for Gorton, writes: "I most sincerely hope that your book may be the means of directing public attention to the evil of the Mormon missionary efforts in this country, as well as the gross evils of the system, and so prevent our young women from being lured into a life of misery."

Sir. F. Joynson Hicks, M.P., takes the view that publicity by itself will not suffice to check the Mormon menace, for, he writes me thus:—"If their propaganda shows any signs of increasing, I think that Government action will be required to stamp it out."

On the other hand, *Sir Gilbert Parker* has hopes that this book, which, he says, "very powerfully presents the case against the system," may prove efficacious. "If," he writes me, "it does something to prevent the emigration of English girls to that more than suspected area, you will have done a service to humanity."

I am emboldened to share that hope by the commendation my book has won from the veteran writer, *Baring Gould*, and by the generous appreciation *Mr. William O'Malley*, formerly M.P. for Connemara, sends me of the "excellent service it renders to the public." Still further am I encouraged by a letter received from *Lord Rosebery*, who says that he thinks it "very well written, as being drawn up without excess or exaggeration."

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